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PAST AND PRESENT AT THE
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TOWARDS THE SUNRISE FROM HELVELLYN TOP.

Past and Present at the English Lakes

By the Rev.

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Canon of Carlisle

Author of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," etc.

Glasgow

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PREFATORY NOTE

My thanks are due to those who have supplied the photographs for illustration. To Mr. Mayson for view from Helvellyn Top ; to Mr. Pettitt for Harter Fell and High Street from Mardale and for the Nag's Head, Wytheburn ; and to Mr. Abraham for the portrait of Mrs. Dixon. Specially must I thank Mrs. Jackson for allowing me to reproduce a photograph by Henry Mayson of Keswick of the Old House of the Hechstetters. To Mr. F. C. Eeles for his photographs of the Consecration Crosses at Crosthwaite from which my wife made the drawing. To Mr. Ernest Coleridge for permission to have a photograph made of the portrait of Hartley Coleridge in his possession, which was painted the year before his death by William Bowness of Kendal, and which has been pronounced by those who remember the poet as a most excellent likeness.

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I make no apology for reproducing my article on "Gough and his Dog"; it has been many years out of print.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

May 1916.

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SUNRISE ON HELVELLYN

When a few minutes after midnight on a morning of mid-June I went out into the cool night air, it was almost with a shock of surprise that I found Rydal-water and Grasmere lying ghostly grey beneath the grey hills. That Orion should have drawn his belted sword above Helm Crag, and that Cassiopeia should be sparkling above Stone Arthur, seemed a strange and unexpected thing, for the day had been one long golden glory from dawn to dusk, and the sunlight had so soaked into one's senses that it was difficult for a moment to realize that there ever could be night.

I left the quiet village behind me and made my way to Tongue Ghyll. That was the rendezvous of my companions who had determined to ascend Helvellyn to see the new morning made. An owl hooted, a corncrake shook his rattle in the grass, and I heard the chirring of a nightjar. All else was silent. At Tongue Ghyll another sound blest our ears. It was the sound of falling water in the deep gully beneath us as we went by the grassy

upward path towards the 'intake' and the sheepfold. I could not help remembering that one of my first two walks in the Lake Country was to the deep recesses of this Tongue Ghyll. The poet of Tongue Ghyll—Edward Thring—was with me, and I can remember to this day the enthusiasm with which he pointed out the particular beauty of rushing water-break and shadowy pool, and how enthusiastic he waxed as he described a rainbow which he so often came to see, springing from the shattered waterfall.

Wise people who climb Helvellyn by way of the Grizedale Gap at night, should cross Tongue Ghyll near the sheepfold, and pass by the much less fatiguing incline on the eastern side of the beck toward the head of the valley. We were among the unwise, and more for happy memory of early days and other midnight ascents we determined to tackle 'The Tongue,' as it is called. This great upswelling moraine-mass is not easy going in the day time, but in the dusk of even, or midsummer night, when no moon is shining, it is a most laborious ascent. As we ascended, we seemed to see ahead of us an upstanding ebon wall, which, as we pushed on towards the face of the precipice, seemed to melt back into air.

At last, hardly knowing how we had reached our goal, we found ourselves cresting the precipice

height and sorrowfully descending into a bottomless pit. All our labour of the upward climb appeared to have been lost. We stumbled on down a stony path and up a stonier one, with the cup of green-white sky above us, which we knew to be the Grizedale Gap: the flanks of Fairfield on one side and of Seat Sandal on the other stood up in the darkness, blank black barriers that bewildered us. Many a time had we descended from the Grizedale Gap with no precipice heights to left and right, but only the fern-clad slopes and purple shale of the Westmoreland hills on either side of us.

But more black and more terrible in its steepness stood up the massive wall right ahead of us. Impossible of ascent it appeared; but again, as we stumbled forward, this precipice in turn melted into thin air, and at last a little nick in the dark bastion which crowned the height, really only the wall of a common enclosure, made us know that we had gained the height, and in another moment should behold the water of Grizedale Tarn beloved of Faber the poet.

Velvet dark it lay beneath us, except where, at the eastern end, it shone like polished steel toward the dawn. We stopped involuntarily with wonder at that first sign of morning beyond the vale of Ullswater. A great golden glow of level beauty was already shining through a curtain of violet and

amethyst. Fairfield and Cofa Pike and the dark bastions of St. Sunday Crag closed the gateway of the dawn on the right hand, and on the left rose up the dark outline of Helvellyn.

Rounding the tarn and passing over meadow-land spongy and wet, our tired and somewhat bruised feet rejoiced in the elasticity of the turf beneath us, and turning our eyes from the pageant of the dawn we began the long zigzag of the Dolly-Waggon Pike, which should lead us to the summit and to our view-point for the rising sun.

It is only when the climber turns his back upon the dawn at this point that he can understand the folding of the hill ranges out west, nor is there any vantage ground so good in the whole walk from which one can see the beauty of the slumbering hills westward, as from a point half way up Dolly-Waggon, where through the gap between Seat Sandal and Helvellyn, the eye is caught up from the grey Easedale hills and High Whitestones to far-off Wetherlam and the Scafell range.

Though the path was steep and stony, the air was so refreshing and invigorating that we remembered how Keats, when he went through the morning air to the top of Skiddaw, described the effect of it "as if one were going to a tournament."

Right and left of us the mountain pippets shook the air with their first morning song, and above us,

as we neared the summit, came the bleating of lambs. The mountain sheep knew well that here they would be free from that midsummer plague, the flies, and further, they had come from the lower sultry levels of the dale for rest and cool ; this notwithstanding that the pasture was almost barren for them and in dewless contrast to the herbage of the lower slopes.

Reaching the cliff-crest of Dolly-Waggon, we saw the Grizedale Beck, a silver thread for several miles passing through purple shadow to the vale. Ullswater lay lifeless in the distance, and in strange contrast to the eastern glow stood up the dark shoulder of St. Sunday Crag. Rounding Dolly-Waggon Pike by easy path and almost a terrace walk, we had a grand view of the mass of Skiddaw to the north, saw Harrop Tarn gleam on its fell across the Thirlmere vale, and were able to understand the glory of Great Gable, the Pillar and the Haystacks and the mighty mass of the Scafell group that took the eye south towards the pinnacle of Bowfell and the ladder of Crinkle Crags.

Dwarfed into nothingness by its mighty neighbours, the Langdale lion lifted its head out east, and Pike o' Blisco and Lingmoor seemed to obliterate Wrynose Gap and lead the eye to Greyfriars and Wetherlam. Faint wisps and filmy vapour lay moveless in the trenchéd valleys. The

stars had faded now, except one bright planet, the bright morning star, that still stood with steady lamp above Fairfield. The sun would not arise for half-an-hour, and we sat down in shelter of the cairn to watch the making of the morn.

The whole of the eastern range of hills that we were so familiar with, the High Street range and the Pennine range, seemed blotted out, and in their place a mightier range of hills had suddenly been born. We did not know till later that that huge solid level barrier to the day was woven of gossamer vapour and tender cloud. There it stood, a solid purple wall, above whose bastion thin bars of gold sent upward such glow that to the zenith the air trembled into fawn and amber.

But the wonder of the morning was not in the east but in the west. Half-an-hour before the sun rose above that purple barrier in the east, the whole circle of the western hills was crowned with delicate light blue air that flushed to rose. I had never seen, except in a heaven lit by Northern Lights, such prismatic beauty of rose colour melting into blue, of blue-green melting into rose.

At four-and-twenty minutes to four of the clock, six minutes earlier than Greenwich time, the sun announced his rising. There ran all along the upper bastion of the purple wall a sudden kindling of light, as though the edge of that rampart had

suddenly caught fire and was blazing left and right. Then at the point from which the fire had begun its kindling, appeared a brilliant star, a point of light as though a gigantic electric torch had suddenly been displayed. The point of light broadened, lost something of its brilliance, and in another moment the burning jewel increased in size and still increased, and we saw half-displayed the red-gold disc of day.

No shadows were yet flung, but still the wonder grew, till almost with leap and bound the sun-god stood revealed! A-tiptoe for a moment upon the rampart-barrier he seemed to pause, then upward moved and left the mountain of mist and cloud behind. But as he moved, that mountain chain became a thing of life. No longer level, like the High Street range, it became transfigured into broken crag and mountain pinnacle. Torn by some mighty birth-throe, twisted into strange shapes by some huge convulsion of nature, parts of the great barrier were flung into the air, and followed the glowing sun in gleaming masses of angel clouds.

At the same moment, as we looked out west, the grey-lilac slumber of the hills had ceased, and though several moments elapsed before Scafell and Great Gable sent back the flush of day toward the east, the quiet vales seemed visibly stirred and the

folded interspaces of soft grey vapour were filled with movement, and trembled into life. From above the lakes, hidden from view, rose up the wraiths of dawn, and before the gold light upon the near crag had reached across the Dolly-Waggon moor to kindle Seat Sandal and turn the grey bents into fiery glow, the blue light and the rose light had faded into silver opal, and all the heavens to the zenith were washed with fire.

The effect of this first kindling of the crags by sunlight was almost electrical in its power of new joy for the sheep and lambs upon the precipice crest. There, as they stood in golden fleeces, the mothers cried out lustily and looked toward the sky, while the blackfaced lambs, mad with joy, raced hither and thither and leapt into the air as if intoxicated with gladness.

The Giver of the daylight has not been forgetful that other hearts than man's need daily cheer, and as long as I live I shall not forget that sudden gladness of the herdwick sheep when the mid-June sun rose up upon Helvellyn. John Ruskin may have had in mind this sudden joyaunce of the gift of morn to the flocks and herds of a thousand hills when he wrote those memorable words: "The glory of God is around you, in the air that you breathe, in the light that you see ... and the gladness of His creatures." How many a time had he

watched the rose of morning flush those grey hill ranges to the west and felt the nearness of the Maker of the dawn! Little wonder that he added: "He has written for you His revelation as He has given to you day by day your daily bread."

This is the solemnity of sunrise—in silence and joy God the Giver comes up close to the awakened soul. Never more solemnly did morning break than this day upon Helvellyn, when for all the gladness of the innocent flocks hard by, and for all the certainty of the happy going forth to peaceful labour of shepherd and hind in these awakened valleys, I knew that across the sea, to the sound of innumerable guns, millions of men were ranged against each other in the death grip of war, and bethought me how to thousands upon thousands the dawn would break, not with joy but with pain of wound and certainty of death, that so the vales of our beloved Cumberland and the hills of Westmoreland might still be part of a British empire, that righteousness and peace might once more kiss each other, and Europe might be free.

REMINISCENCES OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE

One fine spring morning in 1839 or 1840 the coach from Whitehaven by Keswick to Lancaster pulled up at Townend, Grasmere, and an excited little girl cried out her welcome to two other schoolgirl friends, who scrambled up and took their seats beside her. The young girl was Southey's granddaughter, Katy Hill ; the two Grasmere girls were Caroline Green and Mary Elizabeth Greenwood.

Miss Cookson had come down from Howfoot—which had just been built for her and for her sisters, who had migrated from Dove Cottage—to meet the coach, and one of those Grasmere girls remembers to this day the kind of natural pride with which she heard Miss Cookson say, "There go three of Hartley Coleridge's sweethearts."

That young girl bound for her first school at Miss Franklin's in Coventry took Hartley Coleridge's heart, or a large portion of it, along with her, and English literature is the gainer, for in the

collected works of the poet two or three poems are included which were written as postscripts to the letters to his little schoolgirl friend, whom he always spoke of as 'the Lily of the Vale.'

Mary Elizabeth Greenwood, then eleven or twelve years old, is now nearer ninety than eighty. She is still tall and erect of carriage, still active of body and mind; a little deaf truly, but with all her faculties about her, and with an unerring memory for the old days, when her father's home at the Wyke had constant welcome and attraction for the quaint little stooping man of uncertain gait, whose large coal-black shining eyes were in such contrast with his white hair, and whose high-pitched voice was as voluble as his laughter was merry.

The father of the Lily of the Vale, still spoken of by the few who remember him as the kindest man that ever "leeved i' Girsmere Vale," James Greenwood, is not likely to be forgotten as long as Hartley Coleridge's poems are read, for his memory is embalmed in the poem written in 1845, which tells us how the Master of the Wyke passed away in the time of the first leafage of larch and the 'lady birches' he had loved so well, and tells us further how James Greenwood had become "a dweller of the hills" and learned to love village ways so well. The fact was that, born within the busy manufacturing life of Rochdale, this man, a

lover of nature, of art, of music and of books, had taken the first chance that came to him to escape from the place

> Where the tall chimneys stand,
> And the hot wheels are whirring still for gain.

and brought his young bride in 1817 to the Wyke above Grasmere. He dwelt there for twenty-eight years, with delight in the beauty of his surroundings,

> The lovely things to which he gave a soul,
> Till they became a body to his mind.

and was borne to his rest in the Grasmere Churchyard in the spring of 1845.

There were for the Children's Laureate many attractions at the Wyke. There were the cats he could fondle, the toad that lived in the steps, which he could feed and which he doubtless had in mind when he apostrophised in the De Animabus Brutorum "the last of the Troglodytes primaeval toad." There was the piano, which was constantly at his service when he had a mind to sing 'The Tortossy Cat,' and close to which he would sit for hours if any of the family would play to him.

But the chief attraction was doubtless his little sweetheart, as he would chaffingly call her, Mary Elizabeth, whom he was never tired of coaxing into a romp or of taking for runs round the gar-

den, or of talking to in a kind of half paternal, half lover-like way, and for whose mother and father, not to mention the boisterous young brother Jones and the more serious elder brother James, he had unbounded admiration.

It was true that every child was attractive to Hartley, and there were few young girls within the circle of the hills that he did not pay poetic court and tribute to, but I think it will not be denied that the Lily of the Vale was his first and last love.

It was my privilege to have many a talk about those old Hartley Coleridge days with this flower of the Greenwood flock, and I learned much not only of the quaint ways of 'lile Hartley,' but of the people in the neighbourhood who befriended him, and of the poems which were inspired by their kindliness to and appreciation of the little wandering bard.

"Now tell me what he was like, what he looked like, how he was dressed, how his voice sounded?"

"Dear sir, he was like nothing else ever seen on earth. A little old man not more than five feet high, who seemed almost to be humpbacked, his head generally on one side, with large luminous dark eyes that were the most expressive I ever saw, now rolling with the look of an ogre, now flashing with anger, now sparkling with fun, and these

eyes made more remarkable by contrast with the whiteness of his wild locks, which blew in the wind, for he carried his straw hat in his hand, he seldom put it on. His dress, you ask about his dress. He often wore a quite short coat, which made him look like a boy in Eton jacket, sometimes a blue lappeted swallow-tailed coat, with brass buttons. But one thing, I remember, struck my childish mind. It was that he always wore, or seemed to wear, two waistcoats, one above the other. Then round his neck was a black stock, his collar, like a Gladstone collar, standing above it."

I had heard from another friend in the neighbourhood who remembers him how his Quilpish looks and the way he rolled his eyes frightened her when, as a child, she saw him peering at her over the pew edge in Rydal Church, so I interjected, "But was he a favourite with all the children?"

"No," she replied, "he frightened many. I think it was not his looks only that did this, but the fact that he always carried a stick and swung it about or shouldered it."

As she spoke I remembered how an old Grasmere statesman told me that he "minded weel how that lile Hartley was partial to lasses. Aw t' lads was flayte to deeth of him, for they mostly what

thowt he was goan to put tricks on 'em if he met 'em, and they were terble feared he was efter 'em wid his stick, and they wad be oft to t' scheul in no time."

"I remember," she said, "with what distress he came storming in at a children's party at the Wyke to say that one of my playmates had said he was so ugly ; and I recall how really angry he seemed one day with Professor Wilson for stealing away the heart of one of his little favourites by giving her pickabacks round the garden. There can be no question that any young life appealed to him. I do not know which he cared for most—a kitten or a baby. I can see him now walking backwards and forwards on the terrace nursing a kitten, and fondling it as a mother fondles her first-born."

As she spoke, his poem 'To a Cat' came to mind.

> Nelly, methinks 'twixt thee and me
> There is a kind of sympathy.

"And about his voice?"

"Well, it was a high-pitched voice, a little shrill sometimes, but when he sang his favourite song it was very sweet. I wish I could remember the words of the 'Tortossy Cat,' but it has quite gone from me. I have never heard any read poetry better."

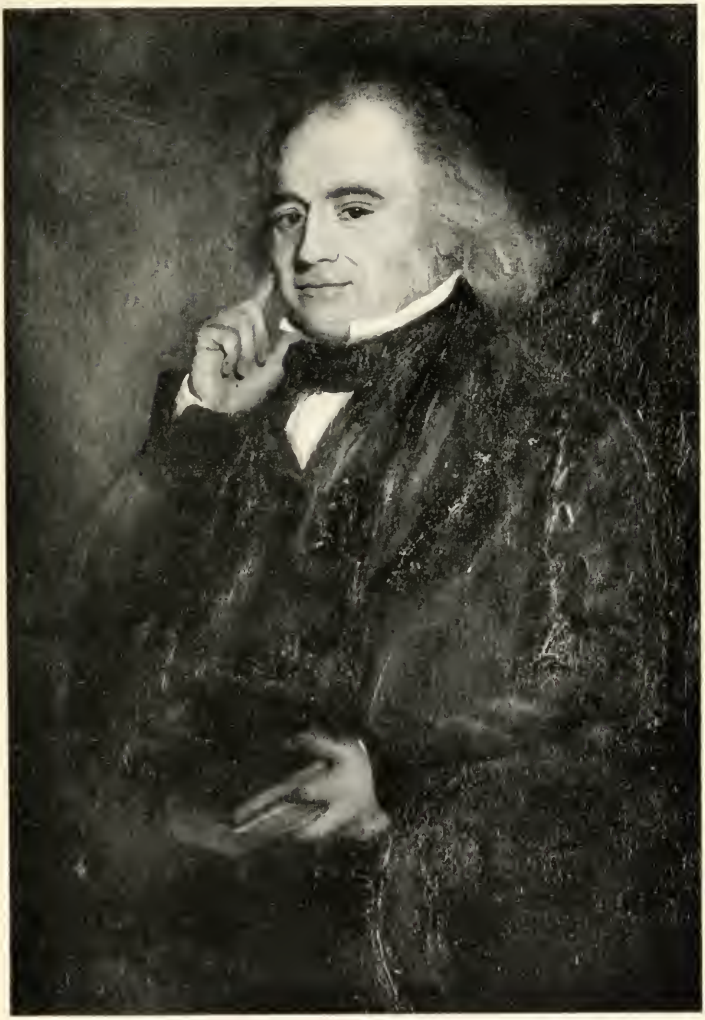
This tallied with a reminiscence of a resident near Rydal, who can never forget the way in which, at some private theatricals she went to as a child at The Nook, Ambleside, she heard Hartley in 'The Merchant of Venice' declaim the part of Shylock.

"How did he talk?" I said, "for I believe he inherited something of his father's volubility and power of impassioned discourse."

"Well, of course," she replied, "I was too young to enter into the conversation, but I can well remember how at the dinner table he would work himself up almost into a passion as he spoke, and forgetting all about his dinner would suddenly jump up, leave his seat, and seem to run round the table swaying his arms and pouring out torrents of talk till he sat down to find we had finished the course, and must wait till he had finished also.

"As I told you before, the piano was a great attraction to him. He would sit by me time after time when I was practising, simply for the pleasure that the sound of music gave him."

"I know he was fond of music," I said, "for there is a poem called 'Hidden Music.' I remember his lines written impromptu in 1835 after hearing a lady sing, and his poem 'The Solace of Song,' which ends,



HARTLEY COLERIDGE, ÆTAT. 52.

And should I live to be an old,
An old forgotten thing,
Yet never may my heart be cold
When holy maidens sing.

And the sonnet to Music, No. XXVIII. in the 'Posthumous Poems,' and 'To a Lady, on her singing a sweet old air'; and again the XXXth sonnet, which begins,

I would, my friend, indeed, thou hadst been here
Last night, beneath the shadowy sycamore,
To hear the lines, to me well known before,
Embalm'd in music so translucent clear.

"Can you tell me anything about the origin of the poem 'Hidden Music,' which was written in June, 1843, or those sonnets XXIX. and XXX., for I once picked up a volume of the Poems with the words 'Abby Hutchinson sung the May Queen in the garden at Greenbank' written in clear hand above that sonnet XXX.?"

"Yes," said my friend, "there was a famous violinist, I think a foreigner, his name I have forgotten, who lived at Hawkshead, and I believe Hartley Coleridge heard him practising in a wood, and was inspired by it to write his poem 'Hidden Music.' I can tell you a good deal about that lady, Abby Hutchinson, and I was actually present at the concert which occasioned that poem. It was

given by a family of Hutchinsons who came to Ambleside, three sons and a daughter, Americans, I think. All had beautiful voices, and were friends, I believe, of Miss Martineau's. They offered to give a concert in return for the kindness shown them by the neighbours, and had taken the large room at the top of the house at the White Lion, but so many wanted to come that it was seen it would be crowded out, and the Harrisons of Green Bank most kindly put their garden at their disposal. A platform was erected on the lawn, and I shall never forget as long as I live seeing Hartley and Mat Harrison, who also was very musical, laid upon the grass rapt in enjoyment."

"Did you ever see him writing his verse?" I said.

"Yes, he would often when he was at the Wyke say in an excited, peremptory manner, 'Give me a piece of paper. I want to put down a verse,' though what became of these verses I do not know."

"Did he often come to the Wyke?"

"Yes, nearly every day. He was welcome at all hours, and my father and mother really loved him, and, unlike some neighbours, took care of him. I was quite a child then, but I knew how sadly too fond of a glass of beer he was. My brother used to tell how he once saw him going

round the dining-room and stopping before each picture and saying *sotto voce* to the picture, as if it were a living person, 'I wish you could give me a glass of beer.' But unless by slipping away into the kitchen he got it, he was not allowed it at the Wyke. He was welcome too at Lancrigg, though he was always in awe of Mrs. Fletcher, whose eyes, he used to say, looked through him; and there too he was taken care of. My brother James used to tell a story of how, going up on a very sultry day to Lancrigg, Hartley had said by way of a feeler, 'Would you allow me a glass of water?' and how Mrs. Fletcher had promptly rung the bell and said to the servant, 'John, bring Mr. Coleridge a glass of water at once,' and with much emphasis on the last word."

"And who else were his friends?"

"He was everybody's friend; that is, he was welcome at all the cottages as well as at all the houses far and near. But I think, next to the Wyke, the house that gave him heartiest welcome in the dale was the house of John Green. John Green's brother Isaac was second master of Sedbergh Grammar School, and by his second wife, daughter of Ibbetson the painter, he had three daughters, Caroline, Julia, and Margaret. These young girls were often over at Pavement End, and whenever they came Hartley spent most of his

time with them. It was to Margaret, his godchild, that he wrote the verses in a Bible he gave her, beginning

'Tis little I can give thee new,

and the sonnet, 'The Godchild,'

I stood beside thee in the holy place
And saw the holy sprinkling on thy brow,
And was both bond and witness to the vow
Which own'd thy need, confirm'd thy claim of grace;

and 'To Margaret, on her first birthday':

One year is past, with change and sorrow fraught,

which had evidently been inspired by seeing the little infant smile in its sleep.

"But Caroline was his first favourite, and was the child spoken of by Mrs. Cookson as one of Hartley's sweethearts. She was tall, dark-eyed, and good-looking. Alas! she died early."

"What other friends had he?"

"Well, of course, he loved little Katy Hill, Southey's granddaughter, to whom he wrote a poem,

Oft have I conned in merry mood or grave.

"He very much admired his cousin, Christabel Rose Coleridge."

"Did he ever speak of Edith May Southey?"

"I do not remember," she said. "He certainly thought a great deal of her, as is plain from sonnet XXXIV., 'To a lofty beauty, from her poor kinsman.' He was often with the three Miss Kings, who lived at Benn Place."

"Do you think," I said, "that they were the three girls whom he describes in the poem, 'On seeing three young ladies on Grasmere Lake,'

those damsels three
Charming the calm air with their triple glee."

"I think it possible," she answered. "I know he admired them much. Then he was welcomed and made at home at Miss Dowling's school for girls at Ambleside."

"Where was the school held?" I asked.

"At Bellevue."

I read the opening lines of the poem written at Bellevue, Ambleside, which so exquisitely describe the scene over Windermere and the Ambleside valley as seen from that point. "Do you know," said I, "to whom he alludes in the last line,

As when thro' tears I saw her snatched away."

"I cannot say," said my friend. "It was a girls' school, and Hartley, I believe, was engaged to give lessons in English literature there. The 'her' probably refers to some one of his favourite pupils."

"Had he no favourites amongst boys?"

"I think he feared their roughness, and that was why he could not get on with them when he went as usher to a boys' school at Ambleside. But he had friends in this neighbourhood. He was very fond of my second brother Jones, and took much trouble with him in teaching him Latin till he went to Tommy Gawthorpe's school at Ambleside, with Matthew Harrison and Louis Claude as schoolmates. He was a saucy boy, with high spirits, and was always planning monkey tricks on Hartley, and shocked my father considerably. I can see my father protesting against some trick my brother had played on Hartley, and Hartley throwing out his little hands—they were such little hands—and saying, 'No, no, I like it. We quite understand one another.' He was quite at his best when playing with children who understood him and whom he cared for, and he was the life and soul of any family party, so merry and so bright, so clever too at arranging games. One of the games he was fondest of was the writing of verse to bring in some word he had suggested. He constantly made and asked conundrums, and would write nonsense verses with great facility, and many children brought their albums to him that he might write some verses in them. Here, for example, is one he wrote on hearing that Adam and Eve Fleming

had been married one morning in Langdale Chapel during Owen Lloyd's incumbency."

I interrupted her by asking, "Do you remember Owen Lloyd, 'lile Owy,' as he was called lovingly in this district?"

"I remember him well," she replied, "nor shall I ever forget his clear-cut pale face, with the look of an angel upon it. He and Hartley were sworn friends."

"Let me hear the verses on Adam and Eve."

She handed to me a manuscript which ran as follows:

The first couple married at Langdale Chapel, and entered in the register, are Adam Fleming and Eve Fleming. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Owen Lloyd on Monday the 25th day of May, 1835.

That Langdale is a Paradise
We now may well believe,
The Chapel Book this certifies,
Here Adam married Eve.

Alas! such earthly paradise
Of lasting bliss is void,
The cause of this first couple's joys
Soon read we was a Lloyd.

"He was very fond of punning, and I remember how when a man named Poston married Mrs. Jackson, widow of the Low-wood hotel-keeper,

who was one of Hartley Coleridge's friends, and is immortalised in one of his little poems, he said, 'Poston, Poston, that's a poor name however for mine host. Landlord, you must change your name or you will be ruined within a year.'

"He had many friends among the hotel-keepers in this district, and was such good company that he was always welcomed by them. You will remember the tombstone inscribed with his verse to the memory of Anthony Wilson and his wife at the Swan?"

"Yes, I have often read that touching epitaph," I said, "to Anthony Wilson, his wife Elizabeth, and three sons. It begins:

> Pause traveller, sleeps beneath this humble tomb
> The host that cheered thee with his ready smile;

and I have heard tell what a great character Betty Wilson of the Swan was. But had he no friends at the Red Lion also?"

"Yes," said my friend. "When Jonathan Bell, the former landlord of Moss-side, as it was called in those days, died by his own hand in 1830, the Red Lion was taken by Willie and Nannie Coates. Nannie Coates was as great a character in her way as Betty Wilson of the Swan. They kept a great number of pigs, and were called Lord and Lady Bacon in consequence. It was to the Red Lion

that Hartley Coleridge came for a few months' sojourn when he returned from his work on the *Biographia Borealis* in Leeds in 1833. No one took such care of him in this village as Dinah Fleming of Rose Cottage, Townend, to whose lodgings he removed from the Red Lion. She was one of the real gentlewomen of the dale."

"Was she not wife," I said, "to James Fleming, whom Hartley Coleridge described as that excellent English yeoman, James Fleming?"

"No, that James Fleming was his son, and his son you will remember."

"Yes," I replied, "and I have always been glad that I saw that link with the past. I suppose the two Dinahs whom Hartley Coleridge wrote of were children of the family, and as I spoke I quoted the words:

> I knew ye both, young maidens, when ye dwelt
> Where I was shelter'd with an aged woman,
> Whose goodness, often seen but ofter felt,
> To common duties gave a grace uncommon."

"I think," she replied, "these two girls were Dinah Fleming and Dinah Cousens of Ambleside. They were friends, and he would often see them there."

The descendants of the Flemings still live at Knott Houses. Dinah Fleming, I knew from the

Grasmere Register, died in May of 1837. "I suppose," I said, "that at her death Hartley Coleridge went to Nab Cottage?"

"No," said my friend, "the Richardsons took Rose Cottage, and Hartley remained with them till they moved to the Nab, or, as he would always spell it, the Knab, and you remember he died under their roof in 1848."

I remembered well, for I knew the Richardsons and often talked with the old man who had been a second father to the wayward little poet, and loved and cared for him to the end.

"To what other houses besides the Wyke, Lancrigg and Miss Cookson's was he frequent guest?"

"He was often at the Barbers at Silver How, at Mr. Briggs of the Nook, at Mr. Dawes, at the Branckers of Croft, at the Hardens of Old Brathay," and as she spoke I remembered having seen a sketch by Mr. Harden of Hartley dandling a baby that grew up to become the venerable Mrs. Clay of Miller Bridge. "He often called in also at Green Bank," went on my friend, "at the Fells, at the Claudes at Rothay Bank, and the Hustlers at Dale End, or, as we called it in these days, Tail End. The Fells lived at the Market-place, Ambleside, where Dr. Johnson now lives, the Claudes at Rothay Bank. He was always welcomed at the dinner table because of his quaint

remarks and his power of conversation. I think this latter was something of a snare to him. He liked an attentive audience, and his audience, so I have heard, sometimes unwisely encouraged conviviality for the sake of his talk."

"There was another house," I said, "where I am sure he was very constantly welcome, the house of my old friend of years ago, Thomas Bell, the Ambleside chemist. You remember how he addressed a pathetic sonnet (X.) to Thomas Bell entitled, 'To a Newly-married Friend,' which begins:

> How shall a man fore-doomed to lone estate,
> Untimely old, irreverently grey,

and afterwards wrote a short poem entitled, 'Sweet Innocent,' under date New Year's Day, 1845, to Thomas Bell's little daughter:

> Sweet innocent—a new year's day to thee."

"I have forgotten," said my friend.

"Amongst the families in this valley you spoke of, there was one whose name was unfamiliar to me, the Hustlers."

"The Hustlers, brother and sister, came to Dale End in the forties from Ulverston, with Miss Carter as their guardian. Miss Hustler, Juliet, a beautiful girl, was much admired by Hartley,

and afterwards married a Mr. Charles Fox, I think from Falmouth. Her brother returned the compliment by marrying a Miss Fox."

"I am glad I asked the question," I said, "for I now know who the Mrs. Charles Fox was to whom Hartley addressed the sonnet XLIV.,

Now the old trees are striving to be young.

Amongst these families whom you spoke of who were the girls he seemed most to care for?"

"I think the Fells and the Claudes were his especial favourites. These two families were connected by the wives, for Mrs. Bell was a German lady related to the Claudes."

I was glad to hear of the Claudes, because I knew it was under their hospitable roof at Broadlands that Hartley Coleridge had written his last poem, that touching sonnet, 'Multum Dilexit':

She sat and wept beside His feet,

which ends,

She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

Dr. Fell befriended Hartley and helped him in

many ways with fatherly advice. Jeannette, his eldest daughter, was Hartley's favourite.

"I suppose then that the poem, 'To Jeannette, six weeks old,' which begins,

> Our birth and death alike are mysteries,
> And thou, sweet babe, art a mysterious thing,

which was written on Ascension Day, May 20th, 1841, was written to Jeannette Fell."

"Yes," replied my friend, "I have always heard that the poem 'On an infant's hand' was inspired by the baby hand of Eleanor Fell."

"And about the Claudes?" I said.

"Mrs. Claude, a pretty, bright-looking woman, the widow of a German merchant at Liverpool, who had hailed from Potsdam, came to Ambleside probably because she was connected with Dr. Fell's wife, who, as I said before, also was a German, and brought with her a family of very bright, clever children, Annie, Mary, Louise, Jane, and a boy, Louis, who was my brother's playmate and fellow-scholar. They lived at Rothay Bank, and afterwards at Broadlands. Hartley was very much at home with the Claudes."

"Then," I said, "I gather from the sonnet XLVI., which begins,

> I would not take my leave of thee, dear child,
> With customary words of compliment:

and ends with those pathetic lines,

> I am a waning star, and nigh to set ;
> Thou art a morning beam of waxing light ;
> But sure the morning star can ne'er forget
> That once 'twas grey-haired evening's favourite,

that Louise was his favourite."

"He was very fond of her," she said. "I think that poem 'Primitiae,'

> Sweet child, I write because I fain would see
> In thy unspotted book my jagged hand,

was also written to Louise, and I remember that when Derwent Coleridge was sitting in the room where the dead body of his brother was lying at the Nab, he saw a tall and beautiful woman come quietly into the room and, without noticing him, kneel down by the bedside in prayer, then pass like a dream silently away. That momentary apparition was Mary Claude, to whom he wrote the valentine which begins :

> Since first I saw thy angel face
> Thy modest mien and heavenly grace.

He always admired a beautiful face, whether babe, girl or woman. I have a copy of verses which he wrote to my half-cousin Miss Twist, a vivacious girl of twenty-five, whom he met at the Wyke, and who afterwards married a Mr. Gibson, Dr. Hook's curate at Leeds. I will write them out for you."

The poem ran as follows:

To Mary Ann Gibson.

She was the darling of a happy home
And happy by the happiness she gave,
Bliss made her good and goodness beauteous,
Merry she was and active as a wave
That leaps in light and rears a glittering crest,
When most beloved, most fair and loveliest.

And sure that man must have been loved indeed
For whom she left her home, her native nest;
If ever wedding were on high decreed
And man and woman joined by God's behest,
Fond hope had said, this is the very pair,
And hope said true for so in truth they were.

But who could spy when she, a serious bride,
Turning her girlish trip to matron pace,
Along the church way path was seen to glide,
That death was omened in that vernal face,
And the young heart that beat so joyous fast
So soon must beat in pain, and beat its last.

God gave her to the earth a little while,
Made her a daughter, wife, and mother sweet,
That she might prove His goodness with her smile—
A human Angel, mortal Paraclete;
But loving her beyond the common race,
He called her quickly to her destined place.

Hartley Coleridge.

"And now about the letters he wrote to you?"
"I will get them at once," she said, and fetching

a key she fitted it to a writing desk, and brought therefrom a carefully bound volume and handed it to me. "The poems," she said, "that they contain have all been published by Derwent Coleridge when he collected his brother's work."

The letters, written to her when she was a girl at school between 1839 and 1842, were a curious medley of fun and shrewd advice, and sometimes of religious fervour. He always addressed her as 'Dear Lily.' The first was written under date August 1st, 1839. He tells her how he looked for her every Sunday in Church, and went out by the north-west door in order that he might see her and shake her hand. He loves her as a child, and is interested in all she does. He misses her sadly from the Wyke, feels it is for her good that she should be at school for the sake of discipline. As he is a bit of a poet, he will conclude his letter with a verse or two, and he indites to her the sonnet XXXIX. in 'Posthumous Poems':

> Right merry lass, thy overweening joy
> Turns an old man into a merry boy.
> One hour with thee pays off the long arrears,
> The heavy debt of almost fifty years.

The next letter bears postmark December 4th, 1841. I am allowed by the kindness of Miss Greenwood to reproduce it:

"T' Wyke December 2nd, 1841.

"Dear Lilly,

"Christmas is coming. I hear its carriage rumbling afar off. The punctual old gentleman is always here on the 25th instant sometimes a day or two before: his length of stay is uncertain. I am now Lilly becoming fast an old man and I feel myself the older because I am a solitary man. but I have not forgotten the delight which the approach of Christmas used to bring to me when I was a child. I even recollect getting up at five o'clock to assist as I imagined, though in truth to hinder and embarrass, the architecture of shred pies.

"The pastry walls were not raised like those of seven-gated Thebes by regulative sound and mounting tone of harp and minstrelsey. They were fumbled and fashioned by persevering fingers and oh! all ye Gods of the Pantheon! how proud I was when the little bit of dirty paste afforded me, began to assume the shape of a pie, a dirt pie in the gutter was great; but an actual Christmas pie of my own making!! But I forget that I am writing to a young Lady of a Ladies establishment into which the vulgar notions of pies never intrude yet Christmas comes even there.

"When Lindly Murray shall no more be thumb'd
And poor Piano shall no more be strumb'd

When mistresses may look and speak the truth,
And be no more the monitors of youth
The pensive teachers may a little while
Unbend their knitted brows and deign to smile.
All things in deep of winter then grow gay,
And dark December wears the face of May.
And sure sweet Lassie t'was a time of joy
When the good Lord was born—the Holy Boy.
When the Great God that made this little earth
And is to all, whatever ought is worth,
Assumed the tenderness of human birth,
Chirped like an unfledged birdling in its nest
And sank to sleep upon the Virgin's breast.
Let no one blame us if we do run wild
When our Sweet Jesus deigned to be a child.
But let our Christmas sports for ever be
Such as his mother had not blushed to see.

"I hope to see you soon. You will excuse me writing to you in rhythm it is my language. Now you know there are many languages. I daresay when you are puzzled with your French you wish there were not so many. But all languages are not spoken. I have seen people that danced a language. And I believe you will play on your instrument a language if you take pains, for it is necessary to take pains in order to acquire the ease of execution which is essential to expression. Nothing can be done well without effort and application.

"Your good Mamma is very desirous to hear from you and to be apprized of the precise day when you are expected soon after which expect your old Grey-headed plague.

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

The third letter is dated July 13th, 1842. He describes a delightful summer picnic of friends in Mr. Brancker's garden at the Croft. The Briggses were there, and Mr. Dawes. It was to celebrate Louis Claude's birthday. He humourously gives good advice about listening and not laughing when in company; tells her she must keep her countenance when some wealthy old bachelor, of whom she may have expectations, is trying to be funny, and suggests how, in the presence of such a possible source of income, she must behave, if she is to land her fish.

The letter is a good example of the way in which Hartley Coleridge poked his fun, but always had a serious heart beneath. He cannot help remembering how premature old age has come upon him. Nor can he help feeling the contrast between his own sadness of heart and the glow and glory of the scene as, sitting under the shadow of that copper beech which still stands on the Croft lawn, he looks across the flowers to the shining lake and the blue hills beyond. "It is such a beautiful day," he says, "I must write some-

thing" ; and he concludes his letter with a poem, 'The Word of God,' with which I will conclude these reminiscences of Hartley Coleridge in living memory, glad to have been privileged to have talked with the one survivor in the Grasmere valley who had intimate knowledge of the children's poet, and whose friendship inspired this touching verse :

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways ;
But hath the present work'd no sign or token ?
Is God quite silent in these latter days ?

And hath our heavenly Sire departed quite,
And left His poor babes in this world alone,
And only left for blind belief—not sight—
Some quaint old riddles in a tongue unknown ?

Oh ! think it not, sweet maid ! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises ;
In every moment dwells the Righteous,
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

FROM GOWBARROW TO MARDALE AND BACK

August came in with smiling sunny face ; the loosestrife and the meadowsweet were in full beauty by the lake ; rowan berries were reddening ; purple heath and bell-heather were rosy on the heights ; and the heather proper, the ling of our Lake Country fells, was perceptibly changing from green-brown into lilac-pink.

A cool north-east wind had been blowing for several days, bringing with it the gift of the opal veil from the Lancashire and Yorkshire mills that so many visitors to the Lake Country mistake for heat haze, and we started merrily for a day at Gowbarrow, with a kind of hope that on the morrow the smoke mist would be dispersed and the hills out High Street way would stand in all their beauty full confessed.

It was an all-golden afternoon we spent at Gowbarrow. We had taken rooms at the little upland hostel—The Royal, as it calls itself, at Dockray—that we might sleep in high mountain air, for

Dockray lies more than 1000 feet above sea level, and be able to make an early start for High Street and Mardale on the following morn.

There is in the upper field by the main road at Gowbarrow a rock which commemorates the dedication of that meadow with its glorious view-point to some young men who perished in an Alpine accident, and by the rock is a magnificent ash tree, whose roots give many seats for all who come to rest. There resting we could see Place Fell rise out of Ullswater, that reflected the ferny slopes so as to appear to be as green almost as liquid emerald ; and as we talked and took our simple meal, we could watch the two snow-white stags high up on Gowbarrow Fell shining as they moved from knoll to knoll, unconscious that they were the observed of all observers. After rest we descended to Aira Force, a torrent less hoarse to-day by reason of three weeks of rainlessness, but the mist, as it rose at the foot of the fall, turned and twisted in rainbow glory, and as the sun fell slant upon the quiet pool below, it turned the water into golden amber flecked with shadow, and issuing thence the stream sang downwards to the lake in blue and crystal, with now and then a fleck of silver foam and here and there the flash of the silver throat of a Bessy Dooker or water Ouzel.

Climbing up from the fall, we went back two or

three hundred yards towards Dockray by the main path, constantly stopping to look at the birches untouched by woodman's axe, which Wordsworth had in his time so much admired. Groups of happy people, for it was bank holiday, were sitting in the bracken enjoying the sunshine, whilst the youngsters wandered on the fell side above them. We too were bent on climbing the heights, for we had promised our younger companions a sight of the red deer.

We turned off the main path to Dockray, and sloped up by a well-marked 'trod' through the bracken, up to a stone seat beneath a rock notable for the two fine thorns that grew beside it. It is one of the finest view-points of Ullswater and the mountains at its head, and there, striking out where no path was, we zigzagged up the face of the hill to its utmost height.

Suddenly out of its lair of green rushes sprang into life a red deer, and danced off, all four feet being lifted together from the ground, then paused, stood stock still, and gave us time to gaze. Up thence we went till we reached the belts of rose-red bell-heather, rested again, climbed higher still, and then, making our way toward the east, plunged down through bracken almost head high to join the old Hunter's Path that leads up to Yew Crag, and, for us in need of it on so hot a day, led down

to the Aira Beck and the great park enclosure, where the little tea house that the National Trust had provided was seen beneath the shadow of a great ash tree close to Aira Green.

Tea over, a sail up the lake to see the latest possession of the National Trust, the strip of woodland between the road and the lake in Glencoin Park, was voted for, and a pleasanter hour's excursion by motor boat can hardly be imagined.

I am often asked why there is no pier at Aira Green. The Trust has offered to build a pier to enable the steamer to call, but the Company refuses to accept their terms, which were such terms as are offered all the world over, of a small rental for use of pier ; such rental to be the fair percentage on the original outlay, and such monies to go to the upkeep of the pier itself.

It is true that the Company approached the Trust for a piece of land on their foreshore, on which they would build a pier ; but our Act prevents our parting with our land to others, and so the deadlock continues.

Then in the quiet sunshine up to Aira Force and back by the higher fall to Dockray, where the kindliest of landladies gave us lodging and dinner, and as in this high upland air the night even in August is cool, provided us with a cosy fire in the sitting-room. It only needs to be known that the

terms for accommodation at this upland hostel are very moderate to make this little Royal Hotel sought out by people who prefer simplicity, and do not want the luxury of a West End hotel in such a neighbourhood.

After dinner we sauntered out, to find the heavens all aglow, and such an 'Alpen Glühn' upon Gowbarrow as one rarely sees in Cumberland. Every rocky ledge and boss amid the bracken shone ruby red, and the larches were transmuted into trees of golden rose.

Next morning we were early astir, and dropping down through meadows drenched with dew, found Captain Thompson's motor launch waiting at Aira Green to take us over a lake rippling in the glad morning light to Howtown. Place Fell gleamed above us ; the wooded crags and the quaint pot holes beyond Sandwith were bathed in sunshine. White tents of Boy Scouts and Boys' Brigades shone out from the green hillsides, and away back on the skyline of Gowbarrow the red deer stood at gaze.

Away to the north-east, beyond Swarth Fell, stood Arthur's Pike, with Tristermount at its foot, and nearer, Hallin Fell, with its memory of Beltain fires, reminded us of days of chivalry and Druid rite ; while high above in the background reared the lilac misty wall of High Street, that we knew

we must pass over with echoes of ancient Rome in our ears before we sighted Haweswater, and the vale in which, at Mardale, rest for the night would be won.

Nor were the early Britons or the later mediaeval times of saint and scholar out of mind. Place Fell or St. Blasius Fell here, away behind Patterdale or Patrick's dale, St. Dominic's or St. Sunday's Crag, with Beda Head, up the opening vale ahead, spoke of the latter; while Dunmallet or Dun Mallard, and the British circle and barrows and the Castle upon Wartches Hill reminded us of the former.

We landed at Howtown, and after enquiry at the inn for the best way over to Haweswater, passed through a farmyard at the back of the inn for Fusedale, and striking a good path, went away through the intake gate, with the beck singing on our left, passed up from farm lands, filled with haymakers, across the beck till the cultivated land ended; then crossed the beck to the other bank, and made our way by a track easily discernible through fern and heather, away up and up and up till an old ruined hog-house was passed, and then up more steeply till in an hour's time we had fairly entered upon the slope of Weather Hill, and starting to our left, struggled through the hot morning air by zigzag back and forward, till we had breasted the hill and found ourselves near the

col, with Lord Lonsdale's shooting lodge standing out dark against the sunny background of Load Pot Hill.

As we gazed backward we saw how the mass of Place Fell blocked out the lake, of which only a glimpse could be got through the opening of Fusedale valley above How Town, and gave a seclusion hardly dreamed of to the valleys of Boardale and Bannerdale with its How Grane and Rampsgill bifurcation, and Fusedale.

It is true that we did not obtain views into these dales until the following morning, when, ascending over Kidsty Pike, we were able to see the full stretch of the valleys ; for the green wall of Steel Knotts hid Bannerdale from view, and only allowed us to see the top of Beda Head, which divides Bannerdale from Boardale. But to the south of us the outstanding feature was an outlier of the Roman road, known as the Nab and Rest Dod. We looked in vain for red deer on the Nab, for we were really on the outskirts, as we ascended towards Weather Hill, of the sanctuary of the Martindale red deer. Sheep and deer never graze together, and these mountain slopes are dedicate to the nobler animal. The chief breeding-ground of the red deer are the corries of Bannerdale and Rampsgill. It has been owned by the proprietor of Dalemain from very early times, and Lord

Lonsdale has now the right of shooting over this forest.

In the old days the deer were driven, and Wordsworth, writing in 1805, says, "What a grand effect the music of the bugle horn will have among these mountains. It is still heard once a year at the chase I have spoken of—a day of festivity for the inhabitants of this district, but not for the poor deer, the most ancient of all."

The word Bannerdale carries us back to the time when, for this chase or any such chase, the tenants of the Lord of the Manor were posted with their banners to head the deer and prevent them breaking bounds.

The old poet must have been struck with the marvellous silence of this ancient sanctuary. It impressed us all as we breasted the wild heathery slope towards the High Street ridge. But we were more impressed, when we reached that ridge, by evidence of the astonishing power of wind and rain. The whole surface of the eastern slope of that ridge had been graved and cut to pieces by the storms of centuries, and we understood how necessary it was on this wild soft ground for the Romans to pave their way for legion and for chariot, as they came from Kendal in the south to their Roman fort at Brougham in the north.

It was an astonishing view we obtained of the

great Shap plain, reaching in blue and grey and green to the far-off Pennine range, and if one had not had a map with one, one might have been tempted to descend into the smiling meadow lands of Bampton. But we knew well enough that not Caudale Beck, which was full in view, but Measand Beck was to be our guide down to Haweswater ; and so, striking along south towards High Gap for half a mile, we made our way down to the lower gap of Bampton Common, and gained full view of Measand Beck, with glimpse of Haweswater, a thousand feet below us.

The shepherds, when they come up Fusedale and wish to make for Mardale, go along High Street for another mile, and drop down over Weather Crags to Randale Beck, and so reach the Dun Bull. But we were anxious to see two things: first, the extraordinary beauty of the falls of Measand Beck at its descent into the valley, and then to gain a good idea of Haweswater as we passed along the undulating main road for two miles and a quarter towards Chapel Hill and the Mardale Church. It is true that the deer do not stray over this Bampton Common, but the sound of sheep was in our ears, and we knew that they were the chief inhabitants of the wild ; and very grateful we were to these same inhabitants, for they had made it possible for us to go along the steep slope in the

'trod' that their feet had worn, and what otherwise would have been very painful going was comparatively easy.

We had no time to turn aside as we descended to see the standing stones on the dark moor beyond us, but earlier visits made us acquainted both with these and dry barrows beyond them, and we looked upon such scenery as was seen in the Stone Age day, with this alteration, that at that time the Bampton meadow lands were probably sedge and wood.

But there lay Haweswater, so packed with trout, it is averred, that they cannot grow to any size for sheer lack of food, and we could in imagination see the wild men returning from the lake with the catch of their own day as they came up to their earthen strongholds or beehive dwellings on the fell.

Reaching the bottom of the fell, the sound of Measand was full of cool in the sunny air, and I know nothing more picturesque in the English Lake Country than the water breaks and pools and shining cascades of this old stream as it sings on its way to rest in Haweswater.

It was worth the whole fatigue of the walk from How Town to be able to lie on the tufted heather and watch the water ouzel's star as the white-throated bird went from sun to shadow, or to note

the glory of the fern on the ledges and the red fruitage of the aspen overhanging the dark rock walls.

The road reached, we tramped on merrily enough towards our rest, Harter Fell in majesty ahead of us, the Nan Bield Gap plain against the skyline, Branstree and Selside Pike to the left, and to the right the High Raise and Kidsty Pike and Rough Crag.

The least known lake in Westmoreland is seen to great advantage from the road. We were struck by the peninsula at Measand, made through countless centuries by that indefatigable worker, the Measand Beck ; struck too by the beauty of the wooded slopes opposite. The feature of the lake is its solitude, its absence of the great man's house, and its unappropriated good. It seems to belong only to the skies above and the sheltering hills, the sunny meadows and flowers and sedges by the shore.

By our side in the hedgerow grew in full beauty the Canterbury bell, rarely seen in Cumberland. Haymakers were getting in the last of their hay crops, which in other years have been known to be ungathered in September, and merry of heart they were. "It's a gay lock o' hay, and it's weel gitten and aw. We've a deal to be thankful for this year hooivver," said the man at the horse's

head as he came with its last load but one from the meadow. Here, as at How Town, every woman body as well as every man body was busy, and we could not help noting how picturesque were the blue aprons and pink sun-bonnets they were all wearing, and not surprised to remember that the sun-bonnet of the old Westmoreland dales was now all the vogue with the fashionable motorist.

The toot of a horn told us that the valley was within the motor's range, and from a little house behind rusty railings sounded another note to tell us that the Mardale valley was in touch with the modern world, for the solitary inhabitant was having his afternoon's rest enlivened by the screams of a gramophone.

On we trudged by meadowsweet and harebell-haunted hedgerows to the little inn at the head of the vale. The nearer we approached it the more improbable did it seem an inn was there, for Chapel Hill, with its larches and Scotch firs, stood right across the vale, a continuation of Rough Crag, and we had supposed that we should find it in Riggendale, but we were soon to be undeceived. The road went to the left, the entrance to Riggendale farm was passed, a beck was crossed, and the little church hidden by yew, or rather the tower of the little church, with its vast vane and weather-cock,

HARTER FELL AND HIGH STREET FROM MARDALE.

stood revealed. We entered a typical dale chapel of two hundred years ago ; the tiny altar, with its little rail enclosure, the three-decker, the little west end gallery, but all cared for, all in its simplicity sublime.

Holme seemed to be the name of most note upon the headstones in the little churchyard, and well it might be, for here from the time of King John the Holmes had resided. I remembered how Green, the artist, in his entertaining 'Guide to the Lakes,' published in 1819, had written of Chapel Hill as consisting of three houses, one recently built by Mr. Richard Holme, brother to the Rev. William Holme, of Emmanuel College, and how he had really told in the beginning of the Dun Bull Inn, to which we were bound for a night's hospitality.

"The late Mr. John Holme, father of the above gentleman," writes Green in his old-fashioned quaint style, "was a most respectable and intelligent man. Mr. Holme with much kindness occasionally received the narrator to his house to eat and to lodge, there being no 'puplic' (*sic*) house nearer Haus Water than Bampton, which is six miles from Chapel Hill and two from the foot of the lake."

I do not know how the King of Mardale, as the head of the Holme family has been called time out

of mind, would have cared to see himself described as a most respectable and intelligent man, but it was in keeping with the old-fashioned hospitality of the dale, and sign royal of his kingliness that he should thus have been willing to keep open house for the wanderer.

But where was the house, for still the Chapel Hill seemed to close the valley? The road passed forward, and passing over Mardale Beck, we were soon to be enlightened, for it at once turned sharply to the right. We were now passing near one of the royal rendezvous of old, an old-fashioned long barn cottage combined; and further ahead, amidst a cluster of trees, spied the substantial dwelling-house and inn in one, which was the goal of our journey.

Thirty years ago the Dun Bull lay in its humbleness where to-day a modern villa, with lawn and garden rose against it; and it was found that in this larger house still lived the widow of the late Mr. Holme, whose name has come down to us from the Middle Ages. We were hospitably received, found excellent bedrooms, and were soon enjoying five o'clock tea. The bar-parlour was a little lively, for miners and shepherds had come over from Longsleddale for a day's holiday; but the noise was good-natured noise, and before long the whole posse turned out to make the best of their

way home. We followed them, and found ourselves in one of the sweetest pastoral solitudes imaginable. The cows were being driven from milking back into the great pasture called Mardale Green—Green chiefly famous for that here once in the year in early November, after a famous shepherds' meeting, it has been the custom for the young men to have a friendly shooting match. Doubtless in old days this would be the field of the butts, and the shepherds would try their skill with the long bow. Now guns and clay pigeons are the order of the day.

Except for a single ruinous-looking farmhouse and a weather-beaten hog-house, there was no sign of man in this far end of Mardale. The ragwort shone on the fellside, and up above the bracken on Branstree the heather was in bud. I had no idea of the magnificence of Harter Fell till I saw him stand grandly up between the only two exits over the heights, the pass to Long Sleddale and the Nan Bield pass to Kentmere. West describes this valley ending as 'a hopeless waste.' We found it to-day a fertile paradise, and the cows as they came from the milking to take possession of Mardale Green, evidently thought it a playing ground as well as a pasture. They leapt and gambolled like young calves.

A buzzard sailed overhead, and a raven barked

from mid-sky. Except for the cattle, these were the only living beings that were sharers with us of this upland valley pleasaunce.

High over Chapel Hill, Rough Crags came down the southern side of Riggindale, and by climbing up the eastern side of the fell, we could view our walking route thence. Forward we came, bound for Patterdale by Kidsty Pike; and for future travellers it may be well to say that the best way is to pass down the road to the church, go on over the next beck, turn sharp in by a far gate to the left, and so by the famous road through the meadow to Riggindale farm; through the farmyard and over Riggindale Beck, then zigzag up the breast to a 'bield' or sheepfold, which seems to lie in lonely blackness just below the steep last ascent to the top of the ridge. There a fairly well-defined foot-path conducts to the ridge, and in half an hour from the winning of the ridge Kidsty may be gained.

As we returned to our evening meal we found the Mardale Bull hands just turning out to finish the cutting of the hay in the near field. The Mardale folk know nothing of an eight hours' day. They will, if need be, work from sunrise to beyond the sunsetting for the good of the farm.

Next morning we set forth for Kidsty Pike. It was not an interesting climb, but the view of the

great Shap Fell uplands, with a wreath of smoke that told us of the great steam horse that was panting on its way to London up the Shap incline, when we reached the crest of the hill and looked down into Randale. Had this dale anything to do with the *rans* or *wrens*, the Viking overrunners of the countryside in the ninth century, who can say? Guessing at place-names is a dangerous thing.

Proceeding along the ridge towards a high stake against the skyline that acted as guide, we soon stood still for wonder at a view which suddenly opened out to the south. The gliding water of Windermere, the smoke cloud of the Carnforth furnaces, the glimmer of Morecambe Bay, the blue of Ingleborough Hill were revealed, and the ridge of High Street proper, to Thornthwaite Crag with its Viking chieftain's name, and Gavel Crag were seen across Riggindale in the near foreground. On we went to Kidsty Pike, guessing at the view that awaited us from that utmost height, and our guess was soon a reality.

I know all the great views of the Lake District. They cannot be compared, but here at least was one of them. The cool north wind had beaten back the smoke cloud from the east and south which last week had veiled the distances, and now clear and laughing in the sunlight was seen the sea to the south, and the hills from Coniston Old Man

past Wrynose Pass to Crinkle Crags. Bowfell and Scafell shone dark blue and distinct, as if cut out of solid indigo, against an opal sky ; Helvellyn in middle foreground was hid by Place Fell, but the eye, wandering round to the north, saw the great mass of Skiddaw, that ancient hill firstborn of all the landscape at our feet—Skiddaw that probably rising from a semitropic river estuary, from water whose ooze was filled with graptolites, became the mighty dome upon whose sides, after millions of years, the volcanoes piled the neighbouring hills.

How many a time, thankful for the security from forest foes that their High Street had gained for them, had Roman soldiers left their cars that came round the head of the Riggindale Raise, and rested in the sun here and dreamed of the blue hills of home.

It was not till leaving Kidsty Pike, peak of the ladder of the young wild goat, as some aver, and descending, guided by stone heaps all too few, to the solitary guide post that points east to How Town and west to Hayeswater and Patterdale, that we were really able to see the inmost recesses of the red deer sanctuary we have already spoken of. The vales converging at Martindale and How Town were each laced with silver threads of faint streams, whose pools are seldom visited, except by the monarch of the glen. Angle Tarn was hidden

from view by the intervening Knott, and Blea Water was concealed by Rough Crags. Except for those tiny silver threads the landscape was waterless. But green as emeralds are green, rose Rest Dodd for the resting of any number of deer.

It was impossible to forget, as one gazed down to the converging point of Boardale, Bannerdale, and Rampside Beck, the description of the wild mountain ramble in Boardale given by Dorothy Wordsworth, or of the touching description by Wordsworth, in his second book of the 'Excursion,' of the old peat gatherer, who had been overtaken by the storm, and happening to be near the remains of the roofless chapel of Martindale,

> the small edifice
> In which the peasants of those lonely dales
> For worship met upon that central height,

contrived, by laying turf and ling and stones from one wall to the other, to make a shelter from the wind, and though half conscious when he was found in the morning, owed his life to this broken shelter.

It was on that occasion that Mr. Luff, Wordsworth's friend, saw the marvellous cloud effects, as the rescue party descended from Boardale into Patterdale, which Wordsworth, after having seen a similar glorious appearance when he

passed towards Kirkstone and was near Hartsop Hall in Dovedale, embodied in the same poem.

Descending to the wall of 'Lord's Intak,' we skirted the hummock over which the wall goes, made again for the wall till we reached the gate at its lower end, and then Hayeswater was seen steeply below us on the left, and right in front in the gentler depths of the far-off vale, Brothers Water, ebon black beneath its woodland, was hailed as the end of our mountain walk. Once down there, we knew the Kirkstone road would presently lead us a short three miles to Patterdale and Ullswater.

Beyond the Hayeswater Beck a good bridle-path could be seen, and, though it was difficult going, we were soon scrambling down grass and bracken slopes to the much-desired rest beside the cool waters that flow from tranquil Hayeswater—Hayeswater, the peculiar child of the High Street range, is one of the most sequestered of our upland lakes. Enclosed by the steep slopes of Gray Crag to the west, High Street and the Knott to the east, it reminds one more of a mountain tarn than a mountain lake. The long drought had shrunk it to below the sill of the weir, but for the shepherds' sake arrangements had been made by which it should still pour its crystal cool down towards the valley, and we bathed our hands and faces with

delight in the clear water pool at the side of the gate by which we left the field for the rude tawny track to Low Hartsop.

Of the people who visit that picturesque cluster of houses, and all the busy farm life that we enter upon when we reach the valley, probably few suspect when they come down by the Hayeswater Ghyll side how suddenly on turning the corner of Gray Crag they find another valley descending from Caudale Moor, with its tributary beck to swell the sound of the mountain stream beside them.

We joined the main road nearly half a mile to the north of Brothers Water, and rested for a little while upon the bridge where, as we glean from Dorothy Wordsworth's diary, she and her brother William, the poet, rested on Good Friday, April 16th, 1802, with the result that her brother began a poem entitled 'Written in March,' which he finished as they tramped on towards Kirkstone.

The poem, which was a favourite of Joanna Baillie's, is interesting as an expression of the joy that a bright March day brings to the soul of anyone who has a soul in our Lake District, and it also shows how much Dorothy's observation and sometimes her suggestions were woven into her brother's poems. "When I returned," she writes, "I found William writing a poem descriptive of

the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lively lake, green fields, without a living creature to be seen on them ; behind us, a flat pasture, with forty-two cattle feeding ; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work, ploughing, harrowing, sowing ; lasses working ; a dog barking now and then ; cocks crowing, birds twittering ; the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills ; yellow palms, purple and green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering stems quite bare. The hawthorn a bright green, with black stems under the oak. The moss of the oaks glossy.... As we went up the vale of Brother's Water, more and more cattle feeding, a hundred of them. William finished his poem before we got to the foot of Kirkstone."

Readers will remember the poem :

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon :
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

But, after all, the poem which gives immortality to Wordsworth in this neighbourhood is surely that poem inspired by the cloudy effect above Hartsop Hall in Dovedale, into which he wove the account of the same kind of glorious revelation of cloud majesty given to him by his friend Luff, who had seen a like effect in Patterdale. I may be pardoned for quoting this, for no traveller will ever pass Patterdale and Hartsop Hall on his way to Kirkstone without wishing to have these lines recalled :

Through the dull mist, a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far

And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth
Far sinking into splendour—without end !
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted : here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified : on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald
turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified ;

Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.

Visitors to the Lake Country sometimes forget that there was a time when this valley might have given the poet a home in place of Rydal, and that, as Professor Knight puts it: "The crags of Place and Hallin Fell would have taken the place of Nab Scar and Loughrigg; all the rocky promontories and natural terraces of Ullswater, the streams and groves of Patterdale, would have been made familiar to posterity by his genius."

It is pleasant to record in this connexion the friendly act of the Lord Lonsdale of that time. Wordsworth had wished to purchase a little property under Place Fell, but the owner asked £1000 for it, and Wordsworth thought it was £200 beyond its worth. Lord Lonsdale heard of this, placed £800 to Wordsworth's account, believing that to be the price of the property. Wordsworth would only accept £200 of this, which was the amount the owner had asked in excess of the value. Why the transaction was not carried through I know not, but the generosity of Lord Lonsdale, his personal friendship with the poet, and his wish to encourage literature, should not be forgotten.

The haymakers were busy in the fields either side of us. The Goldrill Beck cheered us part of

the way with its gentle sound and the glory of its flower life, purple loosestrife and meadowsweet; here and there too was seen the 'mimulus,' which we had noticed before in such profusion in the meadows below Hayeswater. Passing back by pleasant ups and downs, which gave us rest by its variety, we went forward to Patterdale; my friends, not a little astonished at the length of the village, rechristened it Scatterdale, but they were brought to a sense of the cruel wrong they would thus do history by being shown the spring at which St. Patrick may have quenched his thirst, and from which the missionaries sent forth by him may have taken water to baptise the aborigines of the vale. We found America had suddenly taken possession of the whole main street, some great tourist party having been brought hither by the Ullswater steamer, but we were soon back in England again at Bowness's comfortable hotel, and found the rest and luncheon we had so well earned.

Thence, after a ramble to Stybarrow Crag, and a visit to one of the latest possessions of the National Trust, we took coach to Troutbeck, passed the shore of the lake beneath Glencoin, where Wordsworth and Dorothy saw the dancing daffodils, said farewell to Gowbarrow Fell and the two gleaming white deer upon its ferny breast, called in at pleasant Dockray. Thence we came

through cool air over the Matterdale Moor, and were soon passing down through the glory of evening light by the gulfy hollows and buttresses of Blencathra to our home in the Keswick valley.

THE GERMAN MINERS AT KESWICK

All that was known in the Keswick neighbourhood about the German miners in Queen Elizabeth's reign until the year 1910, was first, the notices in the Crosthwaite Registers 1562-1614, and secondly, the paper read by the late John Fisher Crosthwaite, on the colony of German miners at Keswick, to members of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society in 1882. This paper, amplified and read in the following year, 1883, to the Literary Association of Cumberland, was reprinted in their 'Transactions,' Vol. VIII.

In 1909 Mr. W. G. Collingwood read a paper before the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society on Germans at Coniston in the seventeenth century, and he attempted to give a complete list of the German families at Keswick and Coniston from various parish registers. Shortly after the publication of this article in 1910, he heard from Dr. Dirr, the keeper of the State archives at Augsburg, that he had lately discovered

the original account books belonging to the business of David Haug, Hans Langnauer & Co., the Augsburg firm who financed the mining operations in the Lake District.

These manuscript accounts, in twelve volumes, contained amongst them seven journals written at Keswick, which had been sent sheet by sheet to Augsburg and bound up at the end of every year in vellum covers, with dates from 1569 to the middle of 1577. These valuable documents contained the business memoranda of the Germans from the beginning of the enterprise till it passed into other hands in 1577; but the journals contained much more than mere memoranda, and were not only a history of the business in general, but illustrated the local trade customs, trade difficulties, the manner of mediaeval life in the dale, with so many peeps into the domestic life of the miners as would enable anyone with a little imagination to be able to reconstruct a picture of local life and doings in the Crosthwaite valley in Elizabeth's time as unexpected as it is interesting.

We talk a great deal to-day about the thoroughness of German enterprise. Anyone who will be at the trouble of reading Mr. W. G. Collingwood's fascinating monograph on Elizabethan Keswick, with his preface and notes on the original account books of the Augsburg firm, 1564 to 1577, pub-

lished in the tract series, No. VIII., of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Archaeological Society, will see that that thoroughness and enterprise was as great three hundred and fifty years ago as it is to-day.

How else could we account for the fact that the miners of Schwaz and Gastein in Tyrol, under the direction of Haug and Langnauer, the Whiteleys of mediaeval Europe, should not only have been the first to work on any large scale the ores of England and Wales, but should actually have brought from their far-off Bavarian homes metal for mixing with the ore, tallow for their lamps, hides for their bellows, crucibles for their melting pots, wine for their workmen, books and clothes for their people, and arranged all the difficulties of transit apparently with as much regularity as though they were living in an age of railways and steamships. Although at first they brought their wine, they afterwards brewed their own beer on the Island, as well as grazed their horses and reared pigs thereon, which Island they bought in 1569 for the sum of £60 from a certain John Williamson, into whose possession it came at the Reformation. It had previously belonged to the Church of Crosthwaite, as its name, Vicar's Island, still testifies.

The whole story reads like romance, but as far

as the Lake District was concerned, there was much more than romance in it. For nearly a hundred years, from 1551 to 1651, under the three reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth, an industry was set afloat in the Lake Country which in the first six years paid £4500 to the Queen by way of royalties, won £68,103 worth of metal, and expended £104,709, in addition to a capital outlay of £27,000. When we consider the worth of money was then five times what it is now, this will give some idea of the riches poured into our dales during that time. There was probably as little need for being out of work in those days as there is to-day in the neighbourhood of the new munition city at Gretna Green.

Though it is true that the German miners denuded the Lake District of trees for the sake of charcoal for their furnaces and timber for building operations at the Forge, in Newlands, at Caldbeck, and at Coniston, it is also true that they helped the beginning of the 'stone coal' industry, as they called it, and were pioneers in the coalfield to the west. I think it not unlikely that even if the smelting house at the Forge had not been wrecked in the time of the Civil War, either by Cromwell's army on the march from Edinburgh to Worcester in 1651, or by General Lambert's troops who took

Penrith in 1648, or by Colonel Ashton's forces who besieged Cockermouth in September of that same year, the difficulty of obtaining fuel for the smelting furnace in a country denuded of its woodland, and the working out of the minerals within easy reach of the Forge, would have rendered longer continuance of the industry as a paying concern difficult. For example, under date February 24, 1569, we not only find that since August 20th of the former year £245 18s. 8d. has been paid for 2108 seam of charcoal, but there is the following entry in connexion with wood: "We bought from Miledi Catharina Radclieff all her wood called Barass (Barrow) from the Barckhs (Parks) toward Borrowdale, containing 150 oaks, 300 ashes, and about 800 birches."

But though the mining industry ceased here in this Lake District at the end of the century and the miners returned to their own country with their English wives, or migrated to Wales, it is certain that the whole of that mining industry in Wales, as far as the method of roasting of the ores was concerned, owed its inception to the ability of a certain Joachim Gans, who in the year 1581 came to Keswick to teach a better method of smelting than was then in vogue, and whose improved method was further improved upon by Ulrich Frass or Franz in 1584, and adopted at Neath in

Wales by copper smelters, never really to be entirely superseded.

To go back to the starting of the mining enterprise at Keswick by the 'Duchmen,' as they were called. It appears that in 1561 a clergyman named Thomas Thurland, Master of the Savoy, prevailed upon the Queen to grant himself and a certain John Steinberger leave to form a company to work mines in England and Wales. Three years later, September 10th, 1564, this grant of indenture was transferred to a certain Daniel Hechstetter or Höchstetter, by a new indenture dated December 10th, 1564. These two men were empowered "to search, dig, try, roast and melt all manner of mines and 'ures' of gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver in the counties of York, Lancaster, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Cornwall, Devon, Gloucester, Worcester, and in Wales." The Queen was to have one-tenth of native gold and silver, and certain other mineral rights, such as, for example, 2s. in every hundredweight of copper for the first five years, and 2s. 6d. afterwards. This Daniel Hechstetter or Höchstetter was agent at the time for David Haug, Hans Langnauer & Co. of Augsburg, and in July of 1565, in order to finance the undertaking, he formed a company, and gave shares in it, amongst others, to Sir William Cecil and the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester. The

shares at that time were worth about £1200 apiece. Lord Burleigh's share was two ; the Earl of Leicester had two. Haug, Langnauer & Co. kept eleven in their own hands.

In this year of 1916 we are celebrating the Tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare. It is interesting to note that in the Lake District, which has so contributed to English literature and song, the mining industry coincided with the year of Shakespeare's birth.

In July, 1564, Daniel Hechstetter, with Junker Ludwig Haug and Hans Loner, came from Augsburg to England and to Keswick with certain men from Gastein in Tyrol. On the 8th of July, 1565, we know that Parson Thurland of the Savoy, and Hechstetter are in Keswick, and we know also on the 6th July of the same year a letter is sent to the Mayor and other officers of Newcastle, which is to be found in the records of the Privy Council, advising them that there will presently arrive in Newcastle certain 'Almaynes to the nomber of XL or L, looked for to arryve at that towne within theese X dayes, they are willed to cause the said Almaynes to be for theyr monny curtesly receyved and used, by their good ordre, guydyd and conducted from Newcastle to Keswyk in Cumberlande, the place where they ar appointed to rest and woorke."

In the same month the Queen gives power to fell timber in her woods for smelting and building of houses, and grants Thurland and Hechstetter permission to apprehend disorderly persons employed by them, which means that there had been some trouble amongst the workmen at Keswick, partly no doubt owing to the feeling that foreigners were going to eat up the bread of the people (a complete fallacy, for they were really bringing bread into the country for the people), and partly owing, I think, to the unfriendly relations that were soon to come into evidence between the Earl of Northumberland and the Company of Mines Royal with regard to mineral rights—Lady Radcliffe naturally taking the side of the Earl of Northumberland.

These troubles came to a head in 1566, when the important rich mine at Newlands called Gottesgab, 'God's Gift,' which we call Goldscope to-day, was discovered, and when the Earl of Northumberland attempted to stop its working.

To return to 1565, we know that, with their usual thoroughness, the Company sent over not only carpenters and assayers, but a certain surgeon or barber, as he was called, Israel Waltz. The Junker Ludwig Haug had become manager by the end of the year, and at the same time, owing to the unfriendliness of the Radcliffe family to the

operations and a want of timber supply, a certain George Needham was sent over to Ireland to try to obtain wood from there, but without success.

In the following year, 1566, twenty more miners were sent to England, and complaints were made of assaults and murders and outrages on the Germans. A Leonard Stoultz is said to have been murdered by one Fisher and his accomplices, and Lady Radcliffe was protecting them. So far as can be gathered from the Crosthwaite Registers, this Leonard Stoultz was an infant, and perhaps was killed by accident in some street row, but a great deal was made of the outrage, and Queen Elizabeth writes on the 16th of July to Scrope, Lord Warden of the Western Marches, and to the Justices of the Peace of Westmoreland and Cumberland, bidding them repress the assaults, murders, and outrages on the Almayne miners lately come through for the purpose of searching for and working minerals.

That there can have been no great unfriendliness existing between the 'Duchmen' and the people of the dale is proved by the fact that, before this baby's death, two of the miners, Kalcher and Puchberger, the latter of whom became the overseer at the Goldscope mine until Hering undertook the work, had married Cumberland girls. The result

of that Puchberger marriage was that a certain son, whose shaggy head won him the nickname in the district of Towsie, went afterwards to Coniston in 1605, and became the manager and overlooker of the mines that were then taken up actively there. Kalcher and Puchberger were amongst the first twelve men who came with Hechstetter to work the mines in the Lake District. The names of the others were Castler, Hering, Isyll, Kistler, Matchler, Pindryth, Riter, Slegel, Stilt or Stultz. Puchberger became in country parlance Puthparker and Puffparker.

In the same year, 1566, Hechstetter and Loner assured Cecil that the assay of the ore taken to Augsburg had produced good copper, and in consequence Sir James Gresham sends a bond for 500 crowns to the banking house of Johann Fugger of Augsburg to enable twenty more miners to be despatched to England. Meanwhile the 'Duchmen' had got to work, and reopened what probably were old mines in Borrowdale near Grange, at Stoneycroft, at Fornside in St. John's Vale, and at Grasmere. They spent in 1564-5 the sum of £2084 15s. The great find of Gottesgab or Goldscope had not then been made, nor had the smelting house been put up, but in the following year, 1566, mines were opened in Newlands, at Caldbeck, and at Miners' Pit, wherever that may

be, with the result that the expenses went up to £3927 for the year.

At Grasmere the Company appears to have had expectations, for they put up a stamp house in Greenhead Ghyll. It soon ceased working, and though there is evidence still of the fact of its one-time existence, the ghyll, that Wordsworth's 'Michael' knew, has run clear for the last three hundred and forty years.

God's Gift in Newlands, though it brought to the miners a very remarkable double vein of lead and copper, brought considerable sorrow to the Company by reason of the quarrel between the Earl of Northumberland and the Queen as aforesaid. The temper of the Earl had not been improved during the year 1568 by the fact that Mary Queen of Scots on May 16th landed at Workington. The Sheriff of Cumberland had taken charge of her, and when the Earl of Northumberland at Carlisle demanded the custody of her person on the ground that she had landed within his liberty of Cockermouth, Lowther withstood him to his face, and refused to give her up. In October of that same year the Earl had written to Cecil to ask for a final settlement, whether he is to have a reasonable composition on his rights at Goldscope, Newlands, and at the Grange copper plate mine, which he believed was outside the lease

of the Germans, and the quarrel of more than a year and a half's standing was brought to a conclusion by a trial before all the judges and barons of the Exchequer, with the result that it was "decided by the majority that as there was more gold and silver in these mines than copper and lead, the Queen was within her rights in claiming them." It was a most unjust decision. There was very little silver, and probably no gold, but the chemistry of metals at that date was in its infancy, and I always think that though this finding of the court became the leading case regarding royal rights in mines until the reign of William III., it tended to accentuate rebellion in certain quarters against the Queen, which in the year following eventuated in the unhappy rising in the North, and the imprisonment and death of the Earl, who, it seems, had cloaked his feelings of disloyalty to the Queen by permitting the Company of Royal Mines, though he felt the injustice of the verdict, to go on using his woods in this neighbourhood for their smelting and building purposes.

During the year 1567 copper was first made, and specimens were sent to London, and as chief superintendent of the mines at Keswick a certain George Lamplugh replaced Thurland. He petitioned the Queen in December to be allowed certain tithes

in Great and Little Broughton to go towards his salary.

In May of the next year, 1568, the royal charter for the Company's mines was obtained, and in the place of Junker Ludwig Haug a certain Daniel Ulstatt or Ulstet comes to reside at Keswick. He applies to Cecil for a German preacher for his men. We do not hear that such a clergyman was appointed, and it seems from the beginning to the end of their time the German miners, some of them Roman Catholics, some Lutheran, were content with the offices of the Crosthwaite Church. It was in this year that trials were made at Buttermere for ore, but without success, as was the case on Helvellyn at Wythburn in 1593.

Meanwhile the building of the settlement for the German miners and the smelting houses at the Forge, together with the making of what is known as the Hammer Hole, a conduit through the rock from the river Greta to the Forge, went forward, and at the same time the smelting house and a great deal of building of works, mostly in wood, made progress in Newlands.

The smelting of the ore necessitated not only the getting down of a great deal of timber, but the bringing of a great deal of peat to the furnaces. This was supplemented by stone or sea coal, and we gather that the rate of pay for the working of

the ore and the bringing of it and fuel to the Forge was as follows: Workmen's wages were 6d. a day, skilled workmen 8d. Timber by boat from Fawe Park and woods on the west of the lake was obtainable at 4d. a boat-load. Stone was brought across the lake at 8d. a boat-load. The carriage of coal from Cockermouth to Keswick was 9d., and to the smelting house 10d. A horse-load of coal, that is as much as a pack-horse could carry from Workington, was 8d.; a horse-load of peat from Skiddaw Forest 3d. In addition to this there was payment for the graving of peat and the carting or sledding of it, which in the first two years was done entirely by the farmers in the vicinity. A great deal of charcoal burning went on in Borrowdale, and the carriage of charcoal was no small item in the weekly wages paid to the neighbourhood.

A good and substantial house must have been erected at or near the Forge for the chief representatives of the firm, to be occupied by Hechstetter, Haug, Thurland, Loner, Ulstet, Needham, and Lamplugh, until the advent of Mrs. Radigunda Hechstetter in 1571, who became a great lady in the place.

Later on more or less important houses were built in Keswick itself by those chiefly concerned in the firm, one of which at anyrate still remains to us, and is said to be Sir John Bankes's house,

whose father certainly became interested in the undertaking, and whose sister Joyce married a Hechstetter; another was existent till a few years ago where Pembridge cottages now stand, and had, as I well remember, much fine oak panelling, and a shield over the fireplace having four roses in the sinister chief, and the initials D. H. and J. H., for Daniel and Joyce Hechstetter, on two panels in the same wall. It is interesting to note when the house was taken down the owner of it, Miss Jackson, had an oak kist made from the panelling, in which she carefully preserved the coat of arms and the initials.

Keswick men not only had suddenly come into royal favour, but the place had come into favour with itself. The little sleepy village became a thriving industrial town. The roads to and from the town must have been much improved for the sake of the industry. Keswick, which had been probably approached from the north only by a ford for waggons and by a footbridge for men, had now a large wooden bridge made for it over the Greta in substantial manner, for the benefit of the mining Company and the parish of Keswick, the Keswick people agreeing to repay through Mr. George Lamplugh.

At the Forge in the same year, 1569, a bath-room was built for the men above the smelting

house. But perhaps the most remarkable addition to the well-being of the neighbourhood lay in the fact that these fine Tyrolese or Bavarian miners proved attractive persons to the women-folk, and became fathers of prolific families throughout the dales. Thus, for example, out of a single batch of sixteen miners who came to Keswick in the year 1567, within a twelvemonth fourteen were married to Cumberland girls and two to German women. The heads of the families soon identified themselves not only with the parish but with the county families, as is proved by the way in which complimentary presents of game came from the Musgraves and the Bishop.

We know how Hechstetter and Radigunda his wife became benefactors of the Boys' School, and how one of the same family became master of the Carlisle Grammar School. Thomasine Hechstetter married Dr. Tullye of Keswick. His son was Dr. Thomas Tullie, Doctor of Laws, Dean and Chancellor of Carlisle, Rector of Aldingham and J.P. for Cumberland. Another daughter, Susanna, married Allan Nicholson of Hawkshead Hall, who became the refounder of the Coniston mining industry. Another married Thomas Rawlinson of Grisedale Hall, and became the mother of Daniel, the friend of Pepys the diarist ; and Wordsworth would never have been able to

give his life up to the high calling of a poet if it had not been for a certain Raisley Calvert, both of whose forebears came, it is believed, with the German settlement to enrich not only themselves but our island home.

What vitality these South Germans brought with them we may know from the fact, that though many of them were killed in the Civil War, and many returned to their homes on the outskirts of Tyrol and in the valley of the Inn, there still remain in this countryside, after more than three centuries have passed by, Parkers, Earles, Shires, Stampers, Stangers, Senogles, Mosers, and Wilsons, who are descendants of that Teutonic invasion.

As early as July of 1566 the miners turned their attention to Caldbeck, and strings of pack horses would be seen going round the Skiddaw group backwards and forwards as ore carriers from Caldbeck to the eight smelting furnaces in full blast at the Forge. An attempt was made to link up Keswick with the sea by obtaining a port at Workington, and land was obtained from the Curwens for that purpose, but this project proved abortive. The cost of carrying on the undertaking was far away beyond the expectation of the firm. Whilst peat was brought chiefly from Skiddaw and Flasco, from White Moss, and, I believe, from the marsh behind the King's How in Borrowdale, lead for the

THE HOUSE OF DANIEL AND JOYCE HECHSTETTER.

mixing of the ore in the smelting came all the way from the Alston neighbourhood, and coal from Boltongate. Charcoal had to be borne from as far as Isel, from Grasmere, and from the Furness neighbourhood ; and lime and sandstone for building had to be fetched from a considerable distance. All this was against the possibility of making two ends meet. The cost of the undertaking went up by leaps and bounds. Thus in 1568 the total expenses were nearly doubled ; £6722 were spent, as opposed to £3927 in the year 1566. It is not to be wondered at that the firm of Haug and Langnauer became alarmed.

In 1576 there is a decline in mining activities. There is no getting of the ore at Newlands and at Caldbeck. Little more than sorting is done. Hans Loner, the principal accountant, is recalled for not having kept the accounts properly, and not making necessary retrenchments. He blames Hechstetter for this and answers the other counts of the accusation, but a certain Hans Merer, his chief clerk in London, takes his place at Keswick as accountant. In 1577 Haug & Co. retire from the undertaking. By 1578 Hechstetter finds himself in difficulties, and makes a proposal to the shareholders to provide £1000 for working expenses or to let him work the mines as a private concern with his own partners. I think it looks

as if he was a person who spent money rather lavishly, but the worry of seeing success so nearly within reach, and yet beyond him, probably shortened his life. He died in 1581, leaving his widow Radigunda to survive him twenty-nine years.

In the same year George Needham brought a certain Joachim Gans to Keswick to make such alterations in the smelting house as would extract more copper from the ore. Nothing came of this ; but Ulrich Frass, who was working at Keswick, improved upon Gans's idea, and one of the shareholders, Thomas Smythe, took a lease of the Company's works, and guaranteed to pay the Queen's royalties and dividend to the shareholders. Whether Frass introduced the improved process at the Forge is matter of conjecture ; he certainly set up a smelting house with his improved invention at Neath, in South Wales, with such success that his method of roasting ore with the reverberatory process has, as beforesaid, held the field, and it is possible, as 'Customer' Smythe's enterprise prospered for seven years, he may have had to thank Frass for his new process.

But in 1597 again the Keswick works were at a standstill for want of funds. Wet summers and the want of peat for smelting were said to be the reason ; but the great copper vein, 'God's Gift,' in

Newlands had still plenty of copper in it, and all that was needed was capital for its working.

What helped to keep the Keswick industry alive now was the fact that the Coniston mines were opened, and Towsie Puffparker discovered a certain vein in Grey Crag at Coniston, which probably bore good results. The Keswick industry and the Coniston industry were linked together, as aforesaid, by the marriage of Susanna Hechstetter with Allan Nicholson.

In 1604 the Keswick mining industry was still alive, for we find James I. in that year granting a charter to the Keswick Company, which has upon its Board the names of the sons of the late Daniel Hechstetter, Emmanuel and Daniel; and they obtain a lease, which is extant, from Sir Francis Radcliffe of Dilston for twenty-one years for the sum of £63 6s. 8d. for "three acres of ground lying and about the towne of Keswick between the water of the Greta on the one side, and one certain close of ground commonly called Briggholme-close on the other side, within the manor of Castlerigg, with all and singular the edifices, buildings, and other works which were erected, builded, or made upon the premises, or thereunto belonging . . . and also one water course now already made in and through the grounds of the said Sir F. Radcliffe next adjoining the said three acres, the force and

head of the said water course beginning and set at Clark hill 'loct,' and so wrought downwards towards Keswick Mill." They must have added considerably to the wooden buildings round "the famous water mill of the Dutch invented," and to the smelting houses, which at that time were so many that, according to Sir Daniel Fleming, they looked like a little town.

Joseph, son of Emmanuel, who had become the manager of the concern, was unhappy enough to live to see the day of its destruction in the time of the Civil War by the Parliamentary soldiery, some say in 1648, some in 1651. It was certain that Cromwell and his men would not spare any industrial undertaking that bore the name of the Mines Royal.

I cannot conclude this chapter without urging my readers interested in the subject to obtain W. G. Collingwood's tract, 'Elizabethan Keswick,' and to conjure up those old times in the Crosthwaite vale from the Augsburg account books he has so carefully edited.

THE HOME OF THE GERMAN MINERS IN TYROL

My interest in the Crosthwaite Registers and in the story of Elizabethan Keswick, as told by my friend Mr. W. G. Collingwood, led me when I was last in Tyrol to visit Schwaz, for I knew that in 1566 men were hired at Schwaz, and a party, headed by Hans Premauer, including Ulrich Schlegel, travelled to England. That later in the same year Michael Krell and Balthazar Auer, carpenters from Schwaz, also started for Keswick; whilst in 1567 nine men from the same place came by Cologne to England: Jobst Stoltz, Jörg Deufferer, Thomas Waldner, Peter Holdbeintner, Hans Helensteiner, Jörg Golmanstetter, Thomas Eissel, Caspar Feninger, and Martin Erenwaldner. In September came Wolff Pruckher, Andre Reindel, Jörg Reichel, and Michael Gremboher.

I knew that some of these, from the Registers, had married Crosthwaite girls, and had probably returned with their wives and families to their native home. I was anxious to ascertain if there lingered any tradition in Schwaz of the mining

adventure to England, for I knew the great merchant house of Fugger at Schwaz had been interested in the undertaking, and I hoped to be able to find descendants of the miner families still in the town.

The journey from Innsbruck to Schwaz takes a little more than half an hour, and on the pleasant Junetide day when I first journeyed thither the air was filled with the scent of the hay and elder-flower, and all along the way went the grey-green rolling rushing river Inn, too impetuous for boat-men, but not for raftsmen. We stopped at Hall-Walder, Bauer-Kirchen, Fritzens-Walters, and Torgens-Wear, all these stations having double names because of the fact that they served for villages on either side of the valley.

Huge piles of sawn timber bore evidence to the chief trade, other than agricultural, that flourished in the valley of the Inn. It is true there was evidence of large brick works and a small iron-work factory, but all the peasants who crowded the train, for it was a general holiday, were evidently farm folk ; good-looking men, with their grey and green half stockings, with green embroidered short knickers, their braces enriched with a breast-piece that went between them, and many of them wearing fine open waistcoats, with a belt of leather worked with a pattern of white silk, inside of which

was pocket for handkerchief, pipe and tobacco. All of them wore the cock's feather or the tuft of badger hair in their Tyrolese hats.

The women who were with them wore little white straw or felt hats trimmed with black beaded work, and with two long black watered silk ribands, which, after tying behind their neatly-braided hair, were allowed to float down almost to the ground. But I noticed that the bright Tyrolese apron I had seen at Cortina was here, in the valley of the Inn, replaced by a black one. Not so, however, were the children to be cheated of colour, and most of the girls I met in the streets of Schwaz that day wore low frocks, white knitted stockings, with some ornamentation worked into them by the knitting needles, and vivid green aprons over flowered prints of a darkish colour ; their hair in two pigtails, neatly braided and tied with riband bows at the end of the tail. The sort of little girls who figured in Struwelpeter of our childhood's day.

The valley of the Inn, in which Schwaz is situated, is a fertile valley of grass and corn, with triple ranges of hill on either side of it, one behind another, the hinder one snow-crowned, the second pine-clad, and the third alternate pine groves and large wooded slopes, with farms and villages shining out above the vale.

To judge by the votive pillars by the roadside, and to judge also by the abundance of churches and church spires in the vale and on the hills, the folk are a religious people. They certainly are a sober people. I saw to-day, a great feast day for old reservists and Friendly Societies, and a general holiday, only two people the worse for liquor, and no rowdyism such as we might have seen at home on a similar occasion.

Arrived at Schwaz, I noticed a great cloistered building on the slopes to the left of the station, a Catholic College ; and on leaving the station, I found a pleasant walk beneath what ten years hence will be a shady avenue, which took me to the wooden bridge which gives entrance to the town. On my right stood the Ospitale and high-roofed church and spire.

But the feature of the view, as one approached, was the great green roof and tall turreted towers of the Phfarrkirche, rising in the middle of the town, a dominating presence ; while always above the town one's eyes were caught up to the Freundsberg Castle on a green hill backed by forests, which was in old time the protector of the place. At the town end of the bridge was a chestnut avenue beside the river, full of delightful shade and happy people sitting about in groups.

I looked carefully as I went along for names of

the families from Schwaz in our Crosthwaite Register, but found none. Then, turning out of the street that led up from the bridge sharply to the left into the Franz José Street, I made for the Parish Church at the end of it, for I was bent on seeing the Pfarrer to ask questions concerning the parish register. There were remains of frescoes on the large building now a museum at the corner, and close by on a house was a huge St. Christopher. The German miners must have thought our little Keswick street a very poor affair after the large houses either side the way they had left behind them in their native town.

All up this main street to the church again I looked in vain for names I wanted. Then, calling on the Pfarrer, Johann Mayr by name, originally of Innsbruck, I was most courteously received, for I had previously written him, and found that he had done what he could to ascertain if any tradition of the miners' pilgrimage to England survived. Alas! nothing was revealed. The parish registers did not go back to that time, and the oldest that existed had been lost in a fire. He would make search in the Franciscan Church, but he was not hopeful.

The Parish Church hard by was entirely rebuilt in 1560, so that the miners when they returned would find it in its first splendour. He told me

the town consisted of seven thousand people, many of them miners still at certain silver mines in the valley. Of the names I gave him from the Crosthwaite Register, Ehrenwaldner, Reichel had ceased to exist; Premauer, Schlegal, Krell, Deufferer, Holdbeintner, Golmanstetter, Wiser, Auer, Stoltz, Eisel (now Deisel), Feninger (now Finger and Fenger), Prugger, Reindel, Gremboher yet remained; but no names of the children, Alas or Janet, which were favourite names in the Crosthwaite Register, were to be found. "You had better come back to-morrow," said he, "if you wish to see a characteristic assembly of our Schwaz people, for to-morrow is not only the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, but we shall have special services in memory of the murdered Archduke and his wife. But you must come early."

At five o'clock next morning I attended a solemn service at the Hof Kirche in Innsbruck in memory of the murdered Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. It was a touching sight. From five o'clock the church had been filled with people in sombre black, and the twenty-eight kings and queens who stood in bronze, gazing head and shoulders above the congregation, seemed to be sympathising with the worshippers, and looked as if they too had suffered, and knew the sorrows of kingship, but from some other world of calm called upon the people to

endure bravely the darkness of the present hour.

The most touching thing was the playing of the National Anthem, that great Austrian hymn. Tears were on many faces as they turned to leave the church. All I spoke with were mourning not so much for themselves and their country's loss of the heir to the throne, as for the crowning cup of sorrow that their beloved King had in his extreme old age been called upon to drink.

One thing struck me. There were no flags half-mast high, though in several villages, but not at Innsbruck, black flags were flying. I learned that the flying of flags at half-mast high was a matter not for the civil but for the military departments of State.

At seven I was *en route* for a second visit to Schwaz. The valley was redolent of hay, and the grey river ran, almost too brimming full for sound, between miles of corn and rye and potatoes at our side, and went northward under its brown-hooded bridges towards Achensee. The only suggestion of cool in the heat of the morning was the white shining snow on beautiful 'Sellis-Spitzen,' in the direction of the Brenner Pass.

Soon Schwaz, with its two noble towers, the old and the new bell-tower of the ancient Parish Church, that stood up grey and green-roofed above

the surrounding sea of brown red roof-trees, and the high pitched roof of its Franziskanen Kirche was reached ; and I went up with quite a crowd of valley peasants in festal costume—for to-day was the day of St. Peter and St. Paul—under the avenue towards the town. I again crossed the bridge by the Ospitale, and noted in the little biergarten beside it groups of people with missals in their hands, evidently returned from early service, all saddened by the tragic death of Prince Ferdinand, turned sharp to the left beside the iron fountain and the four-storied Fugger Haus, with its faded frescoes and tower and spire on huge brackets at the house corner, and made my way down the main street, the Franz José, toward the Pfarrkirche, with its later square pinnacle and stepped roof front, and its main entrance above the ample steps of approach, with double door, divided by a great buttress in which, beneath a lamp, stood the Virgin and Child.

A crowd was pouring from the church, and as large a crowd was passing into it. The women were dressed in black, with brocaded silk aprons of mignonette and straw colour.

The men were wearing amber brown velvet Tyrolese hats, with feathers or badger tufts ; the boys in knickerbockers of grey embroidered with green, white shirt sleeves, and with green em-

broidered braces; the girls, mostly bare-armed, with green aprons over flower print dresses.

I entered the church, which was full of men in the main nave and south aisle, the women mostly sitting in the north aisle apart. The organ, a very fine one, was reinforced by strings, and voices of a choir we might all envy were taking the musical part of the service.

After service I visited the cemetery adjacent to the church to seek for Schwaz names such as were one time known in Keswick in the sixteenth century, but I found none.

I came back to the main street, and finding a solitary shop open, a photographer's, went in and had a long talk with him about the old Elizabethan miner days. He was immensely interested to hear of the families that had gone to England in 1566-67, and had returned some years later with their English wives, but it was all new to him. No tradition of the pilgrimage and its return remained in the town. He kindly looked through my list of names, and substantiated all the Pfarrer had told me on the previous day, but said that, though there were now no Puchbergers in the town, he knew of that family in a neighbouring village.

It was quite time now for breakfast, and I made the best of my way up the steep hill from the Pfarrkirche to Freundsberg, for I knew that just

beneath the Castle was the 'Gasthaus vom Ausicht,' and that there I could break my fast and enjoy a view over the whole town and vale. It was of interest to find at the beginning of the steep ascent a fountain, which was surmounted by a 'bergmann' on his knees, a miner with a piece of ore in his hand and his hammer or pick beside him, dressed as I imagine the Schwaz miners would have been dressed in the days when they came to Keswick. The light served ill for the purpose, but I took a photograph, and went up hill, passing some of the older houses which perhaps they knew—little two-storied houses with tiny windows, with a balcony running across the front over the main doorway ; the roofs wide-eaved to give shelter to the balcony, and the shingles or wooden tiles held in their places against the wind by being loaded with stones, as seen in Swiss châlets.

What struck me was the love of flowers of the Schwaz folk. Every little window was full of them ; every cottage seemed to have its tiny rose garden, and the air was sweet with their scent, as further up the hillside it was fragrant with elder blossom. A brawling beck, rigorously walled in to prevent mischief in winter floods, came down the hill beside my path, the 'Land-bach,' as I learned ; and overtaking some older people returning up hill from church, I asked them about the miners of olden

time. They said there was at Frankenstein in past years a silver mine that employed more than 5000 people, and they pointed to the direction of it on the north-west slopes of the Kelter Joch, which was the mountain whose lower slopes I was ascending.

Then further to the south, and on the slope of the same mountain range, they told me, were in old time iron mines at Eisenstein, which had originally employed 3000 men, and in comparatively modern times found work for 300 workers. "But now," said they, "the mining industry is nix. Not more than 50 to 100 people find any employment in the whole mining industry of the locality, and each year the number diminishes."

I found my path led straight up into the pine forest; but branching to the right, and circling the green mound on which the Freundsberg Castle Tower and Church is standing, I went through air sweet with privet to the little 'inn of the beautiful view,' and was soon having coffee and rolls in the open air, beneath a well-trained virginian creeper with a vast honeysuckle bower at the side of it. Hence I looked out on a valley filled with sunshine, and listened to the sound of the deep bell in the new bell-tower by the Parish Church, which told me that service was still going on, and the mass was still being celebrated.

I could not help thinking how, on a miniature scale, the Crosthwaite valley might have appeared to have possible resemblance to their home to those Bavarian miners or bergleute of old time. Instead of Inn, Derwent flowed through the valley. Instead of Vomperloch and Hochnissl, they looked westward and saw Grassmoor and Catbels. But to men accustomed to such heights as Hochnissl or Kellerjoch, our Lakeland hills must indeed have seemed but playthings, and the straight, rushing grey torrent of the Inn at the town bridge would make Greta or Derwent appear but as their little Landbach by comparison.

Suddenly, from the village of Wear on the one side and of Stans on the other, shots were heard. I said, "Surely they must be blasting in the quarries," for the shots were evidently timed.

"No," said my host, "those are guns fired for St. Peter and St. Paul. It is a village fête day."

Peasants strolled in. They too had been down from the mountain to early service, and resting here halfway to their homes, took their Tyrolese wine and a crust of bread, and talked sadly of the Anarchist plot at Sarrajevo and its dastardly double murder.

I went up after breakfast by the little grassy path at the back of the inn to the Castle. I felt how curiously wanting in reverence it was, and yet

THE PARISH CHURCH, SCHWAZ.

how well intended, that the plumber should have pierced the body of our Saviour, Who stands in plaster under a covered shrine, with a long brass water pipe, from which was continually flowing water for the wayfarer. It would have been quite easy to have allowed the water to come from a pipe at His feet, but this piercing of the body for a two foot brass pipe was repugnant to me.

Two chapels were on the Tower Green. In the lesser one of which, on either side of the altar, were roughly-painted life-size statues of a St. John supporting the fainting Virgin, and a Pietà, saying, 'Behold the Man!' The carving of these figures was well conceived and bold; the painting, evidently of later date, as bad as it could be.

In the larger chapel there was nothing of beauty, and the only interest lay in the vast iron guard for the alms box, which was let in to a hollow pillar of black granite. This chapel was attached to the Castle, now a jumble of cottages between it and the great tower. I made my way up to one of the many-storied cottage rooms, and a good dame accompanied me to the sixth storey of the tower, but had not told me there was no means of outlook, or I should have spared myself and her the trouble. Up six sets of solid wooden block stairs we tramped, through very dimly lit vast chambers

with tiny embrasures, and at the sixth came upon the living room of the lords and ladies of old. A portrait of one of these ladies of about 1700 still hung in its place.

The bedroom had been stencilled with a cheerful pattern for decoration that made it look as if the old-fashioned crewel-work bed coverlets were hung upon the walls. It was very rough but effective. Trees and plants, with animals upon the branches, was the motif. Close by were the remains of the vaulted kitchen, and the good people in this high-towered flat, if they once got there, were snug enough ; but the climb up the steep hill, and the further clambering up six sets of stairs at a steep angle made me feel that the barons and their ladies of old were of sterner stuff than our day can produce. The cook difficulty had not arisen, or meals would have been an impossibility. It was clear the cook-maid must have slept on the dresser, or else have been an outside servant. In one of the lower rooms, outside the tower, was a heavy iron door, which seemed as if it had been used for prison purposes.

I was glad to get back to the sunlight and privet-scented air, and swiftly dropped down the steep path and threaded a labyrinth of cottages to the Franciscan Church, beside its huge lime tree full of flower. Its columns were of the same slender

pattern I had seen in the Parish Church, but of a pink rather than grey colour, and instead of passing right up to the roof, had capitals of white marble that seemed too slight for the purpose, and bore upon them the vaulted plaster roof of the fine church. Nothing was remarkable except the pink marble pulpit that half encircled one of the pillars; but the effect of this had been entirely spoilt by its white marble rococo angels and ornament.

Outside, above the western door, was a modern mosaic of St. Francis in act of adoration. The children's service was just at an end, and they came pouring out of the main doorway. They looked very much like Keswick children. Flaxen hair and grey-blue eyes was the common type, though I saw a few who looked as dark as Italian children. They were all well-mannered. "Gut morgen!" or "Gruss Gott!" they said of their own accord as they passed on, and the boys took off their hats as they said it.

In England there would have been shouting of boy to boy, but these Schwaz children went off quietly home as if they felt that to-day was a feast day and they had been to service, and that to yell to one another as soon as they had left church was hardly a decent thing to do.

One other thing struck me. In England the

mother is conspicuous by her absence from a children's service. Here they were in great numbers leading their little ones home.

I went down to the main street, and struck it at the Fugger Haus, at the end of the street leading to the bridge, and was glad to have come down just at that point, for it enabled me to see the back view of one of the most interesting houses in Schwaz, with balcony after balcony right up to the fifth storey, with intervening stairways. This was the old type of building of the most important kind, and this house had doubtless been a familiar sight to the miners who came to Keswick.

Time did not admit of my visiting the Museum, in which I hoped to have been able to find some bits of such metal work as the miners made in their copper-beating shops at the Forge, Keswick. I was not sorry, for it enabled me to mix with the group of men having a crack in the shadow of the church in the street near the Fugger Haus before they separated for their dinner and their village homes.

All so orderly and quiet. No horseplay, no loud talking. Good-looking, finely-built young men, clad in dark clothes, with each his felt hat and badger tuft ; most of them wearing a bit of Alpine rose in his buttonhole. They too were discussing the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand, and their

faces were sad. They all shook hands at parting, gave each other 'Gruss Gott,' and so went off.

I too went off to my train and the railway, passed the bridge, gained the avenue of maple and horse chestnut and rowan trees ; caught train, and within two hours was on my way from Innsbruck to London.

THE BLUEBELLS OF THE DUDDON

It was on Tuesday in Whitsun-week towards the end of a May month never to be forgotten for the brilliancy of its weather, and ever to be remembered as helping all hearts that were under the cloud of terrible war, that we determined to explore the bluebell wonder of the lower reaches of the Duddon. That determination was made for us in haste by reason of the fact that the great bluebell slope beneath the Loughrigg terrace was showing signs that its splendour was beginning to pale. "Unless we go at once," said my friend, "we shall miss the bluebell glory of Duddon."

Those of us who had visited Duddon in daffodil time had seen the innumerable tufts of bluebell in the thickets by the water side, and had been told that glorious as the daffodils were, the bluebells were more marvellous in their beauty. So off we set to the Duddon. We dropped down from our fellside cottage towards Rydal Lake, in which still was reflected the russet brown of the winter fell, for though May had been blessed by brilliant sun-

shine the east wind had been continuous, and the little bracken angels had not yet spread their wings to blot from the fellside the foxy colour of the dead fern.

Cuckoos called left and right of us as we passed under the grey Nab Scar, and we remembered how Wordsworth, sauntering along on the opposite side of the lake, had listened to that 'wandering voice.' Thence, marvelling at the beauty of the 'clematis montana' that wreathed the chimney stacks of the house nearest to Pelter Bridge, we swept by gardens pleasant with rhododendron colour and gorgeous with rock plants, on by Fox How to Clappersgate, with its memory of the schoolboy days of Hartley Coleridge and Owen Lloyd. The tree peonies were in bud, and the gorse was gold at Ashley Green, the lilac white in the cottage gardens, and the trollius was in full glory among the boulders at Skelwith Bridge.

Ascending the hill we called a halt, for except from Low-wood and the high ground above Troutbeck Bridge, there is no such view of the Langdale Pikes as can be obtained from this Skelwith Hill; and now the sun, as warm as midsummer, filled the air with such fragrance of larch and pine as made us feel ourselves back in a Swiss woodland. Descending into Yewdale, we passed the never-to-be-forgotten sycamore by the Yew-

dale farm, its massy dome gold-yellow with the new leafage, and on by the beck we went, each of whose 'dubs' was beloved of Ruskin, towards the Coniston village. Thence by the carpenter's shop, where the Brantwood philosopher would often go for a crack with the sturdy, independent joiner, we drove through hedgerows honey-sweet with haek-berry, uphill and downhill, through an enchanted land, made more enchanting by picturesque farms embowered by quaintly-cut yew-tree hedges to Torver—Torver with its old-world note of Sabbath hospitality to church-comers, its church inn close to the place of worship—Torver, with its reminiscences of the labours of an indefatigable Scandinavian scholar in the person of the late vicar, Thomas Ellwood, who did more than any man of his time to recall us to the fact that we were a Viking people hereabout, who in our folk-speech and in our shepherds' usage of numerals had never broken with an historic past.

Again a halt was called halfway between Torver and Broughton to view the rolling valley of rocky outcrop and shining fellside farms, of marshy scrub and heathery slope, lose itself in shining sands and far-off gleaming sea. Turning sharply uphill to the right, we found ourselves at last at the cross roads, with full view of the Duddon estuary, and passing under Broughton Towers, descended to the

left towards the little inn at the crossways above the hill with steep fall to Duddon Bridge.

Black Combe, beloved of the Druids of old, rose in front of us, and blue Harter Fell peeped over the Hest Bank slopes that hid Birker Moor. Crossing the bridge and passing the old 'blumery' where, in Elizabeth's time, the charcoal burners smelted the ore, we found ourselves in the bluebell land of our hope.

It was quite clear that we had just come in time. Another week and the wild hyacinth glory would have passed away. Through the low bushes of the hazel swamp, where a few weeks since daffodils had sheeted the ground, were now to be seen the bluebell myriads, in open patches, not with such purple lustre as I have seen in Kentish woods, but blue-grey as is the northern sky. You scarce could distinguish at a distance the pools of blue water from the pools of sky blue blossom. Fancy heard a fairy music from innumerable bells, and ever as we passed along, when the flowers were hidden from our sight by wall or shrub, their fragrance filled the air.

Still on we went by Duddon Hall and up towards the moorland. The sound of the Duddon was in our ears, and such music of warblers filled the air as I had seldom heard. To our left the woodland slope was carpeted with the glory of the

flower we had come to see ; and, calling a halt, we left the car to explore their fragrant fairy-land beauty. Woodcutters had been at work in the late autumn, and the bluebells, so long kept from the sunshine, were happier than they had been for years.

Here, as we sat beneath the sunlit tresses of the birch, we looked far to the south of the blue-grey of the Blawith Hills and the sands of Duddon Bay, and could not but remember those lines of Wordsworth's which describe so felicitously the passing of Duddon to the sea :

> Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;
> Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
> And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands
> Held ; but in radiant progress toward the deep
> Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
> Sink, and forget their nature—now expands
> Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
> Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !
> Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
> Is opened round him—hamlets, towers and towns
> And blue-topped hills behold him from afar.

But if Wordsworth were here to-day he would hardly have been able to begin the next sonnet with the words,

> But here no cannon thunders to the gale,

for in imagination, through the scented air and above the sound of Duddon and song of birds,

there comes to us thunder of the guns above the Yser's side ; and those far-off chimneys, with their dark banners of smoke, tell us how night and day away at Barrow men are working to produce the instruments of death, the much-needed munitions of war.

Yet so potent is the spell of the bluebell slope on this gorgeous Maytide afternoon, that at times, though it be for a few moments, we can forget the horrors of battle, and can feel in tune with the 'cloud-born stream' with 'each tumultuous working left behind':

> Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
> And soul, to mingle with Eternity.

We descend from our long rest in happy bluebell land, and make our way back to Duddon Bridge, wondering why it was that Wordsworth, with his love for flowers, wrote so little of the bluebell glories of the North Country. The poet of the daisy, the celandine, the little wild geranium, the daffodil, and the foxglove, he seems hardly to have noticed the hyacinth loveliness of the end of May. And yet each year the bluebells for him were resplendent in the woodland of Fiddler's Farm, between Rydal and Ambleside ; every year beneath the Loughrigg Terrace one sloping meadow shone in beauty of sapphire grey ; and such a lover of

the Duddon as he was, and as a visitor to Broughton, he must have often gazed, as we are gazing to-day, at the ineffable beauty of the bluebell woods and thickets by its side.

Men pass and the bluebells remain ; and standing here upon the Duddon Bridge, with the memory of those lines in mind,

> Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide ;
> The form remains, the function never dies ;
> While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
> We men, who in our morn of youth defied
> The elements must vanish,

we can gratefully recall that the spirit of man, if it serve its time, has an immortality as lasting as life of stream or flower ; for indeed who is it who is really helping England in this bluebell time of 1915 but the soul of the man who poured forth that soul in his inspired sonnets for freedom and independence a hundred years ago. No one, as he returns on such a Maytide afternoon from the bluebells by Duddon side, but must thankfully repeat the lines with which he closed his descriptive poems of the Duddon valley :

> Enough, if something from our hands have power
> To live and act and serve the future hour ;
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know.

THE CONSECRATION CROSSES, ST. KENTIGERN'S CHURCH, CROSTHWAITE

Visitors to Crosthwaite Church who are at all interested in archaeology will be glad to know that they can now find on the external walls of that church a record of bygone days, and bygone religious usage, which renders it unique amongst all the churches in England.

This uniqueness lies in the fact that it retains incised upon its outside walls twelve consecration crosses—cross pattée in circle—whose diameter is 4¾ inches smaller than is usually the case. The idea of the consecration crosses was originally baptismal, that is to say, just as the body of the human being was looked upon as the temple of the Holy Spirit, and was consecrated to God in baptism by the use of the cross, so the Church was looked upon as the body within which was enshrined the spirit of the living God ; and this body, dedicated to the uses of the Holy Spirit, needed also to be consecrated by the use of the cross in a similar manner. That,

at any rate, was the idea of the early Gallican Church.

Later there was fused with this highly symbolic rite another consecration ceremonial, which came from Rome, and consisted of the enclosing of the saint's relics within the altar of the new church. The altar was then marked with consecration crosses in memory of the more ancient practice of imperial Rome, of building churches over altars that enshrined a martyr's grave.

Both forms of service, the consecration of the altar and of the walls of the church by crosses, chrism and prayer, became prefixed to the celebration of the Eucharist, and formed the long consecration rite of the mediaeval pontificals. This anointing with oil of the walls of the church where consecration crosses had been engraved is made known to us first in the English pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, A.D. 732-766.

But the English as opposed to the Gallican use was not content with consecration crosses within, but added twelve outside the building. The anointing with chrism of these outside walls on the consecration day is not mentioned until the pontifical of Archbishop Robert of Winchester, written at the end of the tenth century. With the exception of Archbishop Robert's pontifical, there appears to have been no ordering before the

eleventh century of the anointing of any of the outside walls ; but from the end of the eleventh century the English pontificals order external as well as internal anointings, and in each case the anointing is to be in twelve places, probably in memory of the twelve Apostles. Where, as is sometimes the case, a thirteenth consecration cross has been found, and is of the same date, that cross was probably placed there in memory of the patron saint.

We find mention of the painting of crosses on walls as a necessary preliminary of consecration in the thirteenth century ; a little later on the crosses are ordered to be painted red and placed in circles, with branches for candles above them.

The consecration service was a very elaborate affair, and in the British Museum there exists a manuscript (Lansdowne, 451) which was originally written for the Bishop of London at the end of the fourteenth century. This manuscript describes the two modes of consecrating the church, Roman and Anglican, and shows us that the Roman use was content with twelve red crosses painted on the four internal walls of the church at equal distances, with twelve branches of iron to hold twelve large candles.

For the English manner it was required that, in addition to the twelve internal consecration crosses,

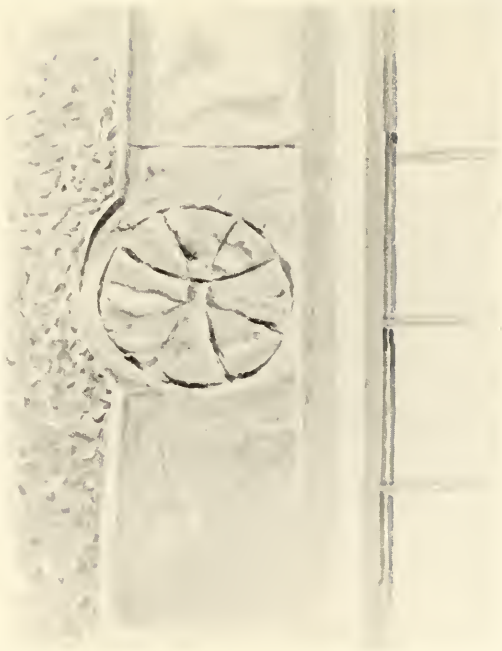
there should be twelve painted crosses on the outside as well. It is much to be regretted that this painting instead of engraving on stone came into fashion, for in the lapse of ages the painting has become obliterated, and it is only where the engraver's chisel has been at work, as at Crosthwaite, that the crosses remain on record.

These crosses were all ordered to be 10 palms, that is about 7½ feet above the ground, and a ladder was provided for the use of the Bishop when he performed the act of chrism.

In an admirable monograph by the Rev. E. S. Dewick on 'Consecration Crosses,' which appears in 'The Archaeological Journal,' Vol. LXV., No. 257, there is a most interesting illuminated illustration of a Bishop in the act of anointing the consecration cross, preserved to us in the British Museum (Add. MS. 18, 143, fo. 55b.) from Caxton's translation of 'The Golden Legend.' We learn that those consecration crosses were not only symbolical of the act of baptism and a memorial of the time of the martyrs, but were placed upon the walls of the churches first "to fere ye devyll for whā the haue ben put out they ben a ferde & dare not entre for they doubte & drede moche ye sygne of ye crosse: And herof sayth Crysostome. In what place they shall see the sygne of the crosse they shall flee. For they

CONSECRATION CROSS: NORTH WALL INSIDE CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

Recovered from beneath plaster-coating 4 inches thick.



CONSECRATION CROSS: NORTH WALL OUTSIDE CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

Recovered from beneath rough-cast.

drede the staffe of wyche they have ben hurte. Secondly fer to shewe ye sygne of ye victorie of Ihesu cryst: for thyes crosses ben sygnes and baners of Ihesu cryst and of hys victorie. and therfore ben there paynted ye crosses for to shew yt ye place is duine subget to god: & also it is of custome to emperours and to other prīces that whan a towne or cytee is takē or yolden for to set up wythyn ye baners & thensignemens of ye lordis to sygnefye yt is subget to they. Thyrdly for to represent thappostles it is used for to set up xii. apostles whyche by ye fayth of god crucefyed they enlumined all ye worlde."

The English use of consecration crosses outside as well as in the inside of the church was not confined to England, for we find in Scotland—at Linlithgow, Roxburgh, Elgin, Pluscarden, and elsewhere—remains of these crosses.

At Crosthwaite an additional liturgical interest attaches to the outside crosses, because they seem to prove that even under the Maryan reaction, when Roman opinion was strong and many old books had been destroyed, the Bishop who consecrated the church still adhered to the English in preference to the Continental rite, for there can be no question that these consecration crosses were placed upon window jambs that were inserted in fourteenth century walls at the last important re-

building of the church in the first or second year of Queen Mary, 1553-4. This is the more remarkable, because, as we learn from Whellan's 'History of Cumberland,' p. 334, that the people hereabouts continued attached to the Catholic religion long after the inhabitants of the southern counties had embraced Protestantism ; and so late as the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, 1571, we find that "the services of the ancient church were celebrated here and attended by the people."

One other thing should be noted about the consecration crosses on the outside walls. They are twelve in number, and instead of being, as was usually the case, placed three on each of the four walls, north, south, east and west, they are placed six on the south wall, and six on the northern wall. The fact that, though they are engraven on the left jambs of the northern wall, they are not all at the same height is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the mason chose for his purpose the finest grained and hardest stone, or the stone of the largest size for so important a mark of consecration.

Up to the year 1915 we had believed that Crosthwaite Church only preserved these consecration crosses on the outside, viz. on the south wall, and one consecration cross in the interior. But my friend Mr. F. C. Eeles, a well-known Scottish antiquarian, a Rhind Lecturer in Archaeology, who had

been working for the Scottish Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, and was much interested in the history of bells, coming to visit the parish in order to inspect one of the oldest bells in Cumberland—a thirteenth century bell, with a black letter inscription, that used to hang in the parish room gable, and is now enshrined and saved from weathering in the old church—read a short paper which I had written for the Westmoreland and Cumberland Archaeological Society in 1914; and at once, from his knowledge of the fact that the English use was to have twelve consecration crosses on the outside, began carefully to inspect the jambs of the windows on the north wall. He found a slight indication of the arc of a circle projecting beyond the rough-cast, and discovered the whole circle. I begged that he would continue his search, and in a few days he had recovered for us five other crosses that are now visible.

He then set to work to search for the twelve consecration crosses, which he knew must have originally existed within the church, according to the Roman or Continental use, and was rewarded by discovering, hidden sometimes under as much as 4 inches of plaster placed there by Gilbert Scott in 1844, seven more, each on the left side of a window. Those on the south side, four in number, are cut upon a stone space on the left or east side

of the three windows, east of the south doorway. There can be no doubt that two others originally were carved in similar positions on the spaces of the other windows, but they probably disappeared when the stonework of these windows was refaced by Gilbert Scott's directions in 1844.

On the north side of the church four were discovered all upon the surface of the wall touching the splay, and close to the lefthand side of the windows. In one case the cross is cut in plaster adhering to the stone, and not on the stone. All of these internal crosses are larger than those on the outside, the diameter being 6¼ inches as opposed to 4¾ inches of the outside crosses. They too are at irregular heights from the ground, and have this additional interest attaching to them, that they seem to have been outlined in black, and surrounded by a black line in the manner of a rectangular frame. Some of these painted lines are in good condition, some are hardly traceable.

However much we may deplore the fact that they were ever covered up by Gilbert Scott, and had been lost entirely to us all these years, we probably owe to this fact that the colour of these black lines is still visible.

We were rejoicing in the finding of the twenty-one consecration crosses when, by sheer accident, a twenty-second cross was discovered by the church-

warden, who happened to be looking at a buttress, which had lately been unstripped of its ivy, at the east end of the church, and which had been rebuilt in 1812. The light chanced to be particularly favourable for observation, and he saw thereon the remains of the twenty-second consecration cross. It was quite clear that this had been carved upon the stone of an earlier church, which had been cast out and used for rebuilding ; and we gather therefrom that although the twelve crosses on the south and north walls are all of them evidently of the same date and belonged to the Maryan consecration, this cross at the east end must be the record of an earlier consecration. Whether of the Norman Church or of the later Catholic Church we cannot say.

As we look upon the twelve consecration crosses, we may call up to mind the very interesting ceremony which took place, probably in the year 1554. Then, after a solemn celebration of the Holy Eucharist, which was always the important feature of church consecration, Bishop Aldrich, with his attendant priests, having predetermined sturdily to consecrate with the English and not with the Roman use, went from cross to cross, the people following after, and solemnly anointed the crosses one by one with prayer and thanks to Almighty God that the church, with its completed

tower and its Maryan windows, was now a fair, fit temple for the indwelling of the Spirit of God—that Spirit which, so long ago as 553, had impelled Kentigern to set up his cross in the thwaite, and to call the men of the fellside who had relapsed into paganism, back to the faith of Christ crucified.

A HUNDRED MILES OF BEAUTY AT THE LAKES

"I WANT to show you one of the most beautiful views in Cumberland," I said, "the view from Muncaster terrace—a view that, if we can obtain a fine clear day for it, will be a memory for life."

So a date was fixed, and a letter was despatched to the kindly Lord of Muncaster ; and on the 28th of September, in perfect sunshine and under a cloudless sky, with a wind from the north, assuring us of fine weather, we left the Derwentwater Hotel in a comfortable motor car, and began our voyage of discovery.

Passing along by the clearing of Thornig the Viking, we saw in the far distance to the north, beyond the shining Bassenthwaite Lake, the 'moot' place of early Britons at Moota, and the later 'sanatorium' camp of the Roman legions. But our eyes were constantly taken across the lake to the bronze slopes of Skiddaw, touched into gold by the first breath of autumn frost ; and we could not help remembering how this mighty mass, first-

born of all our Cumberland hills, had been celebrated in song by Wordsworth in that fine sonnet which describes it as hiding its "double front among Atlantic clouds," and pouring "forth streams more sweet than Castaly." To-day there was no hint of clouds upon its breast ; its streams, after the long drought, had dwindled, and the mighty music-maker had lost one of those two glorious voices in which from of old Liberty has rejoiced.

Wordsworth was not the only poet we thought of, for Tennyson in early days had found rest beneath that hospitable roof among the firwood across the lake at Mirehouse, and pacing the dewy pebbles, lost in thought and listening to the rustle of its water among the reeds on yonder shore, had reforged his poem on 'Mort d'Arthur,' with no less a critic than his friend 'old Fitz,' to be his counsellor as he read and re-read the lines that will surely live as long as English poetry is cared for.

Thence on by the Wythop woods, and the British camp on the woody knoll beside the Pheasant Inn, still green except where the cherry trees were flushing into rose and the bracken was burnt into amber, we went to the grey town, with its ancient castle keep beside the Cocker, the birthplace of the Cumbrian laureate. Turning to the west from Cockermouth, we gradually ascended to

the comparatively woodless country that Fox the Quaker knew ; and noble as was the view of the Lorton fells and the hills about Crummock and Loweswater, our minds were brought back to the grey outcrop in the hilly moorland from whence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the prophet of the leathern apron had 'discoursed largely' to an assembled multitude, and described or 'laid open' as wolves and robbers the Independent ministers, who were then the possessors of the vicarages and the preachers in the pulpits at Cockermouth and Brigham.

Time did not permit of our turning aside to prove the remarkable acoustic properties of that rocky pulpit. I had some years since stood on the Areopagus, and realized how it was possible for St. Paul to be heard by the mighty concourse gathered round him in sight of the shining temples on the Acropolis, and had on a former occasion made the experiment of speaking to a friend from the pulpit of Pardshaw Crag, and found that, for acoustic properties, this Pardshaw Crag was as wonderful as Mars Hill.

Forward we went along the road to Egremont, till beyond a certain schoolhouse, where the road forked for Frizington and Cleator, we turned up the left-hand road for Ennerdale Bridge. Beautiful as the view had been of the Lorton fells, it could

not be compared with the beautiful scenery of the south as we descended the long slope towards Ennerdale Bridge and saw the white water of Ennerdale shining beneath us, with the mountain mass from Red Pike to the Pillar that encircled the lake.

If we had gone forward from here we should have felt ourselves well rewarded for our journey to that superb view-point; but my friends were anxious to see the lake itself, and so, turning sharply to the left at Ennerdale Bridge, we made our way in a backward direction for a mile and a half, and passing the old farmhouse where a certain Sir Thomas Swinburn, a privy councillor of Henry VIII.'s time, once lived, we descended through meadows to the lake shore. The gorse upon the sloping fellside beyond the little Fish Inn contrasted with the wild hyacinth of the hills; and as we looked across the waters to the Pillar, we could almost feel the love for their homeland of those brothers Leonard and James Ewbank, whom Wordsworth tells us of, and of whom the old priest said:

> I warrant every corner
> Among these rocks, and every hollow place
> Where foot could come, to one or both of them
> Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
> Like roebucks they went bounding o'er the hills;
> They played like two young ravens on the crags:

we could realize how Leonard, who had been reared among these mountains, for all the sailor life which he had embarked on in order to win bread for the younger and more delicate brother whom he left at home,

> in his heart
> Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
> Oft in the piping shrouds had heard
> The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
> Of caves and trees :—and when the regular wind
> Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
> And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,

we who gazed upon the flashing water plain could quite well understand how

> the broad green wave and sparkling foam
> Flashed round him images and hues that wrought
> In union with the employment of his heart ;

and how

> He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
> Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
> Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
> . . . . . .
> Saw the forms of sheep that grazed
> On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
> And shepherds clad in the same country grey
> Which he himself had worn.

That narrative poem of Wordsworth's brought a pathos for us into the whole scene, as we remem-

bered the tragedy of the death of the younger brother, James, who on one May morning had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs with two or three companions, and, leaving them, had climbed the

> one particular rock
> That rises like a column from the vale,
> Whence by our shepherds it is called The Pillar,

and was found the next day

> at the foot of that same rock
> Dead, and with mangled limbs.

Returning from the Fish Inn, we crossed Ennerdale Bridge, and took the road to Cleator Moor, and found as companion the alder-haunted stream of the Ehen at our side. We had paused at the little church that, with its modern building and its graveyard filled with tombstones, makes it very difficult for us to realize the times of a hundred years ago, when the parish chapel "stood alone, girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall," and when the green mounds lay 'amicably close' without headstones, because the dalesmen felt "they had no need of names and epitaphs, and talked about their dead by their firesides."

We crossed the picturesque little bridge below Cleator Moor, and thanked Heaven that, notwithstanding the awkward turn towards it, in this war

time at any rate, the Cumberland County Council will not be pulling it down to replace it with steel girders and concrete. Then through the unlovely streets of Cleator Moor we went, by iron ore pits that were sending back into the town for their dinners men whose clothes shone with the red grease of the ore they worked, and whose faces were as red as Red Indians in their war paint. We could not help remembering that these men at this national crisis were themselves true warriors. They were helping Britain in her need by digging material for the making of guns and armour plate, and as combatants at home were aiding the combatants at the front.

So forward to Egremont, with its ruined castle upon the mound, and its memory of how, tradition has it, that a certain Lord Lucie, at the end of the seventh century, vowed a mocking vow to grant to St. Bega and her sister workers, who had lately been shipwrecked at St. Bees, by way of endowment as much of his land as was covered with snow on Midsummer's Day, and who, though he rued his oath, abided by it, and through the miracle of a midsummer snowstorm and the gift that followed it, made it possible for St. Bega to establish a religious house and carry on her Irish mission work in Cumberland. That snow miracle is not so improbable as at first sight appears, for in

very hot summers the ice pack in the Arctic circle breaks, and sends icebergs floating down south. The result is that the air is cooled down, and snow-storms visit our Cumberland shore.

Rising out of the valley in which Egremont lies, we gain now our first sight of the gleaming sea to the west. Wherever trees were seen they showed by their shape that the prevailing wind was from the west. Away to the left sloped to blue heaven the purple-brown fellside moorland which the Britons of old loved not only as a dwelling-place, but as burial-place also. Large numbers of barrows both of the long-headed and short-headed race are found upon those lonely fells. We descended to a wooded valley, and turned sharp to the left at a bridge which gave us entrance to the picturesque little village of Calder Bridge. Away to the left a mile up the sheltered valley we knew stood the picturesque remains of Calder Abbey, twice burned down by the Scots, and twice rebuilt ; and in vision could see the cart with the white oxen containing the books and the few personal belong-ings of Gerald and his monks, who, dissatisfied with what they deemed was the too worldly life of Furness Abbey, had determined to come hither to found a stricter rule.

There was a gladness upon their stern ascetic faces as they were nearing the end of their first

journey, in strange contrast with another vision of the same men fleeing in fright from the Scotch robbers to seek again the mother monastery that cruelly disowned them and shut its doors against them.

I should advise anyone who has not seen Calder Abbey to pull up by the little inn on the southern side of the bridge, and ask permission to go through the house to the garden at the back that slopes down to the Calder stream. There are few more picturesque bits of rock scenery and flowing water, woody overgrowth and bridge building than can here be seen combined. Then let the traveller take his car or carriage again, and passing back over the bridge, go round by the church, drive through a delightfully wooded lane for the best part of a mile. Suddenly to the right he sees the rosy pillars and arches of the Calder Abbey spring from the verdant lawn in beauty of perfect restfulness; and in this terrible time of battle and maelstrom of war he may envy the cross-legged knights in armour who lie at rest, who have long forgotten the stormy times they knew, and know the will of God is not war on earth but peace among men of goodwill.

As we journey forward to Gosforth the beauty of the fells out Wastdale way, purple dark or sunny green, or amber gold, as the sun and shadow smites

upon them, grows upon us. We are passing along the track which Agricola and his Roman soldiers knew, and we are bound to the Roman general's house, that was once perhaps the centre of a stirring camp, by the Ravenglass shore. We will not break our dream of old Rome by turning aside now to the Viking Cross at Gosforth, nor will we run the risk of losing the sunshine upon the Muncaster terrace; so we go forward through the delightful land of corn and grass and root crops and potato crops, watching here and there the ploughman preparing his soil for autumn sowing, the white wings of innumerable gulls dancing about him and his horse as he bends above the plough, a cloud of whiteness against the dark brown soil, and a cloud of whiteness that is vocal with cries of joy and thankfulness for the food the ploughshare gives them. Doubtless these black-headed gulls are no friends to the angler, and the streams that pass to the sea hereabout suffer from their voracity, but no farmer in his senses but must confess that on the plough lands by the coast the winged multitude of these hungry sea people is a blessing, and that, wherever they rest on the fair meadow lands by the sea, they leave behind them gifts that enrich the soil and add to its fertility.

Holmerook is reached—a picturesque little hamlet by the side of a good trout stream. We

turned sharply to the left across the substantial stone bridge, and keeping to the right, pursue our way to Ravenglass. Here let me give a caution to motorists. They will come to a turn in the road, with a sign-post leading off to the right to Ravenglass, and they probably will not read beneath that sign that the road is only possible when the tide is out. If they have omitted to see this, great will be their disappointment when, on reaching the railway and the level crossing, they will be told by the man in charge there that they must go back to the main road, for no passage is possible to Ravenglass across the fords at this hour.

And now the beauty of the Scafell group grows upon us. The blue of the Wastdale screes that has been with us all the day darkens into deepest purple. In front of us, in all colours of bronze and puce, rises up the bossy ridge between us and Eskdale, and we know that on the further side amongst its woods lies Muncaster Castle. Two other rivers are on our right hand now, the Irt and Mite, flowing in frequent swerves, mingling their waters in the placid pool of what was once the harbour of King Aveling's town. These rivers enriched the jewel-loving ladies of mediaeval England. Even in Queen Elizabeth's day they were looked upon as royal fisheries for pearls.

But we are thinking of an earlier day—a day

when the Roman triremes hither came with food supplies to the Roman soldiery, who were engaged in building the camp here and at Hardknott, far up the Esk valley, and making the Roman road from the south by Moresby and Maryport to old Carlisle and the Solway Firth. Descending the hill between the granite walls of the Muncaster estate, just before reaching the houses near the station, we turn sharp to the left, and drive down an avenue of young fir trees and larches for a quarter of a mile, then pull up suddenly before the remarkable remains of the Roman general's house. There is nothing in Cumberland of such importance in the way of Roman domestic architecture above ground. The walls, built of red sandstone, are very thick, and were coated originally with Roman cement, in which crushed tiles had been mixed, so that the interior of the rooms must have always had the cheerful warmth of unfading colour. For additional warmth we know the Roman architect had arranged with careful design a hypocaust, and in winter time the officers from Italy on the coldest days had comfort. In one of the rooms, perhaps the main room of the dwelling-house, still may be seen the little alcove or cella in which the bust of the emperor stood. That bust, decorated with flowers on great occasions, with incense perhaps offered to it, had in far-off days been an

inspiration to Roman patriotism, perhaps had superseded the place of God in family worship.

We are better able this year than in other years to know how much the fact of kingship, for a loyal people, has to do with keeping warmly alive the fires of patriotism within their hearts.

Returning from our visit to the Roman villa, we ascend the hill to the Muncaster gates, then down through a stately avenue of innumerable pines in all variety of colour and fairy beauty. We come out at last on the terrace in front of the castle door, and having made our salutations to the master of the castle, stroll off to that threequarters of a mile of grassy terrace lawn, embanked with flowers and flowering shrubs on the left and guarded on the right by a low yew hedge, with yew pillars of gold and green alternate, and enjoy the vision of the silver Esk, now filling with the tide, and looping and swirling far up the vale towards the glorious heights of the Scafell group, cloudless and shining in the noontide sun.

The grey-white tower on the fell beyond the terrace to the north-east reminds us how Henry VI. escaped from Hexham Field, found shelter here, and left in the hospitable castle of the Penningtons the little green enamelled glass tazza, which is still preserved as 'the luck' of Muncaster.

The Tritoma plant is in full beauty at our side,

the Tortoiseshell and Red Admiral butterflies flash from flower to flower of the great bushes of Michaelmas daisies. So sheltered is this terrace walk from northern winds that roses are blossoming, and even the laburnum is in second flower. Squirrels leap across the lawn, the cattle cry in far-off valley pastures, and the grey heron sails slowly overhead to a new fishing ground further up the vale. We gaze and gaze to heart's content; never was peace so absolute. We cannot dream of war, though, for all we know, the guns are thundering in Flanders and the shells are screaming on Gallipoli's heights.

Slowly we turn towards the castle, that must have known days of storm, with the red keep, heart and core of the stately building, which is home to-day of a war-lord who fought for us in the storming of the Redan, and has seen Wellington face to face. With many a backward look to that magnificent background of the Scafell cluster and to Harter Fell, shining blue above Birker Moor, we retrace our steps and say farewell to a scene unforgettable for pastoral beauty and mountain charm and far-off seascape.

As we leave this pleasant castle home, we cannot help contrasting the public spirit of the present lord with the days of old, when Wordsworth, a visitor to this Cumbrian coast, was unable to

obtain a peep at these glorious castle grounds. Writing to Sir George Beaumont from Bootle, under date August 28th, 1811, he says: "The weather has been very unfavourable. We have, however, contrived to see everything that lies within a reasonable walk of our present residence; among other places, Muncaster—at least as much of it as can be seen from the public road; but the noble proprietor has contrived to shut himself up so, with plantations and chained gates and locks, that whatever prospects he may command from his stately prison, or rather fortification, can never be guessed at by the passing traveller. In the state of blindness and unprofitable peeping in which we were compelled to pursue our way up a long and steep hill, I could not help observing to my companion that the Hibernian peer had completely given the lie to the poet Thomson, when, in a strain of profound enthusiasm, he boasts:

I care not, Fortune, what you may deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream, etc.

"The *windows of the sky* were not *shut*, indeed, but the business was done more thoroughly, for the sky was nearly shut out altogether. This is,

like most others, a bleak and treeless coast, but abounding in green fields, and with a noble beach, which is delightful either for walking or riding."

Then, since we have determined to see the Gosforth Cross, we fly back to Seascale, and have luncheon at the little hotel for which Mrs. Rigg, of historic fame amongst landladies, won a tradition of hospitality still preserved, and take car to Gosforth Cross, pass through a mile of firs in glory of second flowering, and are soon reading upon that Yggdrasil of stone, with the hammer of Thor upon it, that strange mixture of Viking saga and Christian Gospel that makes us believe that whoever erected this monument, and the other cross of which we have but a fragment, erected them above the grave of a chieftain who was glad enough to bow the knee to the fair father Christ when he came ashore, if only he might still worship Balder and Odin when he set forth on adventure over the western sea.

Of all the sculptures on that cross I think the most remarkable is the picture of Balder upon his cross, wounded by the arrow of mistletoe shot by the blind Hodr, with Nanna, the spouse of Balder, her feet upon the dragon's head, holding the alabastron in her hand ; and we shall be able to understand how the Christian preacher of the ninth or tenth century would, as he preached by this

cross, show the crucified Christ wounded by the Roman soldier's spear, how the seed of the woman was crushing the serpent's head, and how Mary Magdalene brought in her hands the alabastron for the anointing of the body of the Balder-Christ.

But to-day, as we gaze upon the western side of the cross, we cannot help remembering that it tells the story of the twilight of the gods, when the battle of Ragnarök or doom is beginning, when the whole earth is being cast into flames, when the bands of Surtur and the fiery sons of Muspel, with the wolf Fenris, are flying to attack the White Hart which is the church, when Heimdal, the watchman of Asgard, restrains the wolf-monster eager for the fray, and blows on his golden horn to waken the gods and giants, and warns them to prepare for the last battle and the crack of doom.

There is something very marvellous in the determination of Heimdal to stop the onset of the wolf-headed monster of evil, who, but for his sturdy arm and staff, would swallow all that is of good in the world, would take the sun and moon and attempt to devour the seat of the gods ; and as we stand before the cross in our day of Ragnarök, when hell seems let loose, we can sympathize with the Norsemen who looked forward to the awful day when Loki should escape from his bonds, and,

all the powers of evil set free, should go forth to fight against heaven ; when the world would break loose and the Midgard Worm join in the struggle.

I remember Tennyson speaking to me solemnly years ago of the battle of Modred in the West, which he was sure would come. I am glad he did not live to see this Ragnarök, in which we feel to-day that, as an old Cumberland farm body said to me last week, "It seems as if hell is let loose." Certainly Loki has been unloosed, and wolfish powers little dreamed of are raging now in middle Europe ; and the German submarine, as the Midgard Worm, has come to the help of the world of force and rage against humanity, right, and freedom, and the spirit that the White Hart stands for.

Inside the church are carefully preserved two hog-backed stones—tombs of some Viking chieftains. Doubtless in old times tombs were made as models of the dwelling-place of the great man gone down to his dust ; and one of these tombs, with its picture of armed men meeting for conference beneath their banners, may possibly be a picture in stone of Ethelred the Unready making his submission to the Gosforth Vikings, men of the large round shields.

But the most important stone within the church is no doubt one that Dr. Stephen, of Copenhagen,

recognised as an illustration of the lay of Hymir. It is spoken of as the Fishing Stone to-day. Thor determining to catch and destroy the Midgard Worm, which lay at the bottom of the sea, asked Hymir the giant, whom he hated, to go with him on a fishing expedition, and to bait his hook for him with the head of his largest ox. The Midgard Worm took the bait, but Hymir the giant, as Thor lifted his catch to the surface, lifted his hatchet and cut the line.

The Christian who illustrated upon this stone, which was a portion of a cross shaft, the well-known lay of Hymir, determined to show that Thor and all his host were unable to destroy the spirit of evil; that it needed One greater than Thor or Hymir to accomplish this, and so above the picture of the fishermen in their boat he set another picture of the White Hart, emblem of the Church and Holy Spirit, trampling upon the serpent, the power of evil, and not a semi-Christian or a semi-pagan in the Gosforth settlement but would see set forth before his eyes, week in week out, the power of Christ and His Church unto salvation as contrasted with the powerlessness of Thor and his fellow fisherman, Hymir the giant.

My friend asked if it were possible to get back *via* Black Combe to Keswick, and hearing not only that it was possible to do so, but that he would

pass through very interesting scenery upon the slopes of Black Combe, and through Whicham, beloved of Faber the poet, and immortalised in his poem 'Sir Lancelot,' that he would see *en route* the interesting village of Bootle, the opening to Duddon vale, and the picturesque wayside farms from Broughton to Coniston, at once voted for this journey rather than for a return over the same ground.

Back then we flew towards Muncaster, and away down the steep hill to the little bridge above the Esk, which records the marvellous building powers of a couple of Grasmere wallers in the years of long ago, for the story is that, owing to treachery of the banks, bridges that had here been built fell one after the other, and it was not until two Grasmere wallers essayed the task that a bridge that will last for centuries was contrived above the often-flooded Esk. Their deed and date, but not their names, are engraved on the east side of the bridge thus: "This bridge built by men from Grasmere. MDCCCXIX."

As I passed over it I remembered that Grasmere in old time was celebrated for its tradition for good wallers and bridge-building, for there still stands in far Easdale, across the mountain beck, a bridge known as Willy Goodwaller's bridge. Climbing up the road above the bridge across the Esk, we

had a magnificent view backward of the rosy Castle of Muncaster upon its woodland terrace.

Passing the ancient Broad Oak Farm, with its quaint emblem of oak and acorns sculptured upon its lintel, we essayed a further hill, from whence we obtained a view of the whole of Eskdale and its mountain background. The sea lay laughing in the distance, and the Isle of Man lifted from far waters. Then, having turned first to the right and then to the left, all the sea was blotted out with the high hazel hedges for a mile and a half of sinuous roadway, and when we had got beyond this Black Combe stood up grandly to the south, blue passing into purple cloud shadow, and purple passing into the russet red of the fern harvest not yet gathered upon the lower slopes.

Bootle and its wayside trout-stream was passed through. I could not help remembering that in August of 1811 Wordsworth and his wife brought the two little children, Thomas and Catherine, so soon to be taken from them, down to a cottage seven minutes' walk from the seaside to this village. Dorothy Wordsworth, writing to Mrs. Clarkson, says: "They are in a dreary place in the neighbourhood of Bootle, and I fear their accommodations, except in sea-bathing, are very bad. They first went to Duddon Bridge, where they were very comfortable, and the country thereabouts

enchanting ; but the tide only served them for four or five days, and the water was hardly salt."

That excursion to the seaside occasioned the poem entitled, 'Epistle to Sir George Beaumont,' which begins :

Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar ;
While, day by day, grim neighbour ! huge Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom.

Those who read that poem will see how uncheerful a holiday the Wordsworths had here. The weather was against them. He was without his library, and without his daily paper ; and, as he tells us, he felt himself a prisoner in the cheerless place and tired of his books,

a scanty company !
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—

he paced

Between door and window muttering rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time.

And yet, in his letter to Sir George Beaumont, he describes the magnificent sunsets over the Isle of Man that he witnessed, and the visionary grandeur and beautiful form of a tall sloop-rigged vessel

seen one evening when the sea was perfectly calm, and when its surface was undistinguishable from the western sky, hazy and luminous with the setting sun ; and he speaks of it as being magnified by the atmosphere through which it was viewed, and seeming to hang in the air rather than float upon the waters.

We went forward until, by the bottom of a steep hill, we left the road to Millom on our right, and, turning sharply to the left, entered the delightful retirement of Whicham that Faber knew, and ere we entered it we had a grand view of the expanse of sea and sand-dune, as seen from a terrace road high on the slopes of Black Combe, and had watched with interest the bracken harvesters at work sledging the fern down the steep slopes to the main road. The feature of our journey through the Whicham valley was the conical fell, an outlier of Black Combe, that stood upon the left ; and we could not keep our eyes away from the picturesque white farm, high perched upon the fellside, that must give its inhabitants as fair a view as can be obtained from any farm in that locality.

Black Combe laid its weight on the spirit of Faber ; and Wordsworth, speaking of it, describes it as "The solemn mountain Black Combe, the summit of which an experienced surveyor declared commanded a more extensive view than any point

in Britain." This same surveyor saw Ireland more than once from its summit, and the lines of a certain Charles Parish, D.D., which were quoted by Wordsworth, will bear requoting:

> Close by the sea, lone sentinel,
> Black Combe his forward station keeps,
> He breaks the sea's tumultuous swell
> And ponders o'er the level deeps,
> He listens to the bugle horn
> Where Eskdale's lovely valley bends;
> Eyes Walney's early fields of corn,
> Whose birds to Holker's woods he sends.

We passed the little church of Thwaite by the roadside, and on by Broadgate to the Duddon valley, not forgetting that half a mile off to our left on the fellside meadows was the most remarkable of the Druid circles hereabout. In old time Black Combe seems to have been held in particular reverence by the British, if we may judge from the number of Druid circles that one time broidered its slopes; this one the most complete that remains to us.

And now the estuary of the Duddon broke upon our view. The tide was out and the sun glistening with iridescent pearl-like beauty, and the cloud-shadows upon Kirkby Irleth fells played hide-and-seek with the sunshine. The Duddon sands were crossed in the old days at low tide by carts, cattle,

and packhorses *en route* for Ulverston, but there appears to have been no need of guide. The track was 'brobbed' or 'brogged' with furze bushes. I could see none to-day, and imagine that since the improvement of the roads round the estuary this short cut has ceased to be used.

We descended through woodland to Duddon Bridge, and there, in the fine September sunshine, were hardly able to conjure back again the hosts of golden daffodils and the sheets of bluebells, that in their proper seasons had drawn us hither. I never leave that bridge without thinking how Wordsworth enjoyed his sight of the Duddon daffodils and bluebells—Wordsworth who wrote:

> Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
> Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
> And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
> Held;—but in radiant progress toward the deep
> Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
> Sink, and forget their nature;—now expands
> Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
> Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!

But it is the sonnet 'Afterthought' which naturally rises to mind as one leans upon this bridge:

> I thought of thee, my partner and my guide,
> As being past away. Vain sympathies!
> For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,

I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide ;
The form remains, the function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendant dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

We ascended the steep hill to Broughton Towers, then passed to the north and carefully avoided the road that would have led us to Ulpha, turned to the right, and soon obtained a glorious view of the marshy estuary between us and the Kirkby Irleth fells. We had seen the home of one of the king's treasurers in Henry VIII.'s time at Ennerdale ; we saw now on the hill across the valley beyond Broughton the home of Queen Victoria's treasurer, the late Viscount Cross. We went forward, up hill and down dale, by lonely farms, with their ancient yew-trees, planted by command of King Harry to enable the yeomen to have good wood for their bows and arrows in stormy Border days. The valley half marsh, half meadow lay below us, and patches of emerald 'fog' set in the bronze of upper moorlands, enlivened pastoral soli-

tudes of great beauty, that, except for the little Furness line to Coniston, with occasional pant and buzz of a passing train, was a land of perfect old-world peace.

We had seen Walney Scar and the Old Man as we came over the hill to Broughton, but the splendour of it grew as we neared Torver. A mighty barricade of purple-blue, the Walney Scar rose up to Heaven. I never pass Torver, with its quaint church inn beside the squat and solid church tower, without thinking of the days when, before afternoon service, the vicar and farm folk dined all together in pleasant *camaraderie* at many of the dale villages, and after discussing doubtless all the news of the week, passed in to church to think of another world.

Nor do I pass Torver without gratitude to the late Rector, who did so much by his translations from the 'Landnamabók' and his writings on the Viking occupation of Cumberland, that bring home to us the days when shepherds hereabout counted their score of sheep with the old numerals, yan, tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, sethera, lethera, hovera, dovera, dick, yan-a-dick, tyan-a-dick, tethera-dick, methera-dick, bumfit, yan-a-bumfit, tyan-a-bumfit, tethera-bumfit, sethera-bumfit, gig-got, said to have come down from old British times. I have often talked with shepherds at their

meetings, and found amongst them some broken memory of these numerals as told them by their grandfathers. But no one tells his sheep that way now; and though the marking of the sheep probably dates from prehistoric times, and the lug-mark or law-mark reminds us of the days when the Logsayer at the moot delivered the tribal edicts and gave out the law—and though the grey eye and the firm jaw and the large nose and the long 'lish' limbs still tell of Viking breed, there is little or nothing, save a few words still in use at the farms, to speak to us of the days of the first settlers in 874 from 'Norroway over the foam.'

We went forward, and Coniston water flashed like a sword, a narrow silver streak between the hills. "There is Brantwood," I said, "the home of Ruskin;" and above Brantwood and the wooded slopes lay on the hillside the little farm to which he so often climbed, where the little child once lived and played, who, victim of the sweep of its brother's scythe, died, as Ruskin has so pathetically told us, at eventide singing.

Passing several cottages and farms, their yew-trees cut into quaint shapes of chessmen and peacocks, we entered the king's town—könig's town of old—and remembered how this Coniston water, with its old name of Thurstonwater, speaks of the day of Thor and Odin. Thence through the

village, with memories of Ruskin's grave beneath his sculptured cross, with memories too of the square grey house where the sisters of the Thwaite, such affectionate helpers of the lonely man once dwelt, we ran along by the side of the stream, with its many dubs he so delighted in, beneath the crags he had so often looked upon flushed with the rose of morn, to the grey crag of Yewdale, in shape a miniature Mount Sinai ; so turning sharply to the right and again to the left, ascended the hill of Holme-ground, and in a quarter of an hour paused to wonder at the great beauty of the Langdale Pikes, and their ancient neighbours seen above Hackett, and Lingmoor, between Colwith and Skelwith.

We dropped down to Skelwith Bridge ; thence, with the Brathay gleaming on our right, we passed under Loughrigg to Clappersgate, stayed the car to visit one of the most beautiful sites for a garden ground in the Lake Country—the gardens of the Croft, the lower garden fenced in by the streams of the Rotha and the Brathay that meet beyond its lawn, and standing on the bridge over the road between the gardens, not only obtained magnificent prospect of Windermere, but looked down upon the Roman fort in the meadows near by, now the property of the National Trust, which has so lately given up its secrets in the hands of clever exca-

vators, thanks to the work of Mr. Collingwood and Professor Haverfield.

We now know that the fort that stood here to the end of the Roman occupation was built upon an earlier fort, made perhaps in the time of Agricola. But of that earlier fort traces of the fosse only remain to us. Of the later fort we have not only the remains of the angle towers and the four gateways, but we have the officers' quarters, with a treasure house and a granary which was buttressed and ventilated. It must have been an important stronghold for safeguarding the convoys of food and ore from Ravenglass over Hardknott, and so to Penrith or to Keswick. But strong as the fort was, twice at least had it been overrun and burnt to the ground by the Picts from the North, and in the signs of the burning that are left to us there is a suggestion that these burnings down coincided with breaches and burning down of Roman quarters by the Roman Wall. It is not impossible that the enemy who broke through the Roman Wall came as far south as Ambleside.

It was pleasant to link up by means of our journey days of the Roman past at Ravenglass and Ambleside.

Leaving our fine view-point from the Croft garden bridge, we took car again, and went forward by Ambleside through Rydal to Grasmere. We

had seen many lakes that day—Derwentwater, Bassenthwaite, Ennerdale, Coniston, Windermere, and Grasmere—each with peculiar beauty of its own, but none so dainty in its setting, so full of tender charm as the little lake of Rydal water. We could not help congratulating ourselves that we had not to climb the ancient steep-running road from Rydal quarry to Grasmere, as in Wordsworth's early days we should have had to do. There is a great charm about that lower road as it approaches Grasmere. It gives us fine view of Nabscar and Wansfell, and the flashing of the Rotha through broken marshland, where it enters the lake, then hides all view from our eyes for a few moments, and suddenly turning round Penny Corner allows Grasmere lake and vale to burst on our sight, scenes so utterly different that one appears, after leaving Rydal, to have passed into a new world.

We pulled up at the Prince of Wales, and over our welcome cup of tea discussed the many scenes we had driven through. Thence, with a glimpse of Dove Cottage and the little orchard that was Wordsworth's open-air study, with the sun just sinking behind the hills, making the whole of Helvellyn burn like gold, we went forward by the famous Swan Sir Walter Scott knew so well. The Armboth fells were purple-dark as we climbed the

Raise, with memories of Michael building his sheepfold in the Fairfield Gap, as Wordsworth tells us ; with memories too of the earlier British time that Stone Arthur keeps in mind, with memories also of a later Viking time that hereabout knew the doings of Solver, of Butha the Leaper—names immortalized in Silver How and Butterlyp How ; went forward up the Raise, and as we climbed to the gap were recalled to the fact of our own sorrowful time of war by the battle cairn at the summit, then obtained view of old friend Lonscale Fell, beyond Thirlmere to the north. Passing through Wytheburn, we saw how Manchester was drinking dry their mighty cup of mountain water. The old road, many years submerged, was traceable from end to end. The brown meadows to the south, marked by the walls that once surrounded them, were already beginning to sprout again into green. The road that used to lead from the Cherry Tree Inn across to Wytheburn city was plainly visible, and the little bridge we had not seen for twenty years still crossed the stream that for long had been hid beneath the waterflood.

I heard that day that it was reckoned there were only seventy-six days more of water in this vast reservoir to meet the need of the far-off city. We had heard of floods and torrents of rain in London and the South, we had heard of floods and tempest

in Scotland and the North, but a dryer September had never been known in the Lake Country. Only two days' rain had been chronicled.

On by Thirlspot, with blue Blencathra beyond St. John's Vale haunting our memory, we went by the 'unpathwayed plain' of Shoulthwaite, through Naddle to Nest Brow. Causey Foot reminded us that we were on a Roman way again, and as we climbed up the hill of Castrigg Fell the one-time Roman camp came into mind.

But earlier times came to mind also, for suddenly, at the foot of that Nest Brow, we had crossed from volcanic ash and a world millions of years younger to the world of Skiddaw slate that rose up from the waterfloods thousands upon thousands of years before the Alps were dreamed of, or the volcanoes of the Lake Country had spouted flame and ash and lava to give us the beauty of to-day.

Nor were we thinking only of Romans as we reached the summit of Nest Brow, for a guide-post, with 'To Castrigg' on one side and 'To the Druids Circle' on the other, told us that there, in a nine-acre meadow belonging to the National Trust, were the remains of the finest Megalithic monument in the North.

Then down along a sloping hill towards Skiddaw—the Moor, as it is called—we went slowly for the beauty of the scene—the same scene that

had so nearly recalled Gray the poet back to Keswick for its very loveliness—the day he went on foot, October, 1769, towards Grasmere and Kendal. The lake lay beneath us like polished steel that burned into fire, for the sunset light was thrown upon it, as it was thrown upon Bassenthwaite, from clouds of glory high in middle heaven ; and as we passed into the twilit town that lay beneath us, sparsely jewelled for fear of the German raids, and pulled up again in quiet Portinscale, we saw upon Helvellyn, in a starless sky, the one great lamp of mighty Jupiter.

As my friends alighted they said : "Is there any other hundred miles in the United Kingdom of such beauty and variety of scene?"

"I cannot speak for the United Kingdom," I replied, "but there is no hundred miles drive in the Lake Country that can give 'to the passing traveller's rapturous glance,' too swiftly though it pass, such sight of mountain, valley, woodland, lake, and sea as it has been our fortune to enjoy to-day."

THE STORY OF GOUGH AND HIS DOG

We had been talking about the sagacity of our Cumberland collies, "But there is no tale so touching," said my friend,[1] "as the story of that Rizpah among dogs, who watched for three months her dead master 'fade away' in the 'savage place' by the Red Tarn, on Helvellyn. I have been lately collecting from the Classics, from prose writers and poets in many lands, some pictures and incidents of dog-life. The 'Friend of Man' has nowhere appeared so human in its tender kindness, so faithful and affectionate in its memory, as in this instance of terrible vigil.

"The unburied corpse with the lone watcher on the mountain has seemed more solemn to my imagination than the graves by which so many dogs have hungered till they died. How one wishes that some record of that heroic little creature could be placed where passers by might see it and ponder."

[1] Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

"The thing can be easily done," I answered. "We have but to get leave from the Lord of the Manor to erect a cairn upon Helvellyn overlooking Striding Edge, and build into it a simple slate-stone slab that shall record the fact, and shall serve to remind its readers of the tragedy and the pathetic incident which so touched the hearts of three poets in the memorable year 1805. Memorable to Scott, for that, in the April of that year, he gave his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' to the world; memorable to Wordsworth because that he finished, in mid-May of that year, the poem that described the marvellous making of his own mind in 'The Prelude.'"

So the thing was agreed upon, and the inscription to be engraved was written; and not without much writing in and writing out did it take final shape as follows:

"Beneath this spot were found in 1805 the remains of Charles Gough, killed by a fall from the rocks. His dog was still guarding the skeleton.

"Walter Scott describes the event in the poem—

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.

"Wordsworth records it in his lines on 'Fidelity,' which conclude as follows:

> The dog which still was hovering nigh,
> Repeating the same timid cry,
> This dog had been through three months' space
> A dweller in that savage place.
>
> How nourished there through such long time,
> He knows who gave that love sublime,
> And gave that strength of feeling great
> Above all human estimate.

"In memory of that love, and strength of feeling, this stone is erected."

The Stone-cutter set to work, and had barely finished the lettering of the first line when a correspondent put into my hands an extract from a letter of one of the guide-writers of the Lake District: "You are perhaps aware that Charles Gough was not after all found on Striding Edge, but on Swirrel Edge, on the slope overlooking Kepplecove Tarn. I had the information from one R—— at Windermere, who got it from a man at Grasmere whose informant was the finder of the body, and I think there can be no mistake."

One had more faith in Wordsworth's and Sir Walter's accuracy of description than to be much put out by this bit of hearsay.

Walter Scott, in his poem entitled 'Helvellyn,' would never have written:

> On the right, Striding Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
> And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
> One huge nameless rock in the front was impending,
> When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died,

if he had not actually visited the place and asked, as was his wont, a thousand and one local questions of the shepherds who bore him company.

Wordsworth too is very particular in his description:

> It was a cove, a huge recess,
> That keeps till June December's snow;
> A lofty precipice in front,
> A silent tarn below!

He had evidently in his mind a tarn deep-bosomed in the mountain, from which the rocks rise sheer; he calls them further on "abrupt and perilous rocks." And when he adds:

> Thither comes . . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . the sounding blast,
> That, if it could, would hurry past,
> But that enormous barrier binds it fast,

he makes one feel how near to the tarn these lofty precipices are.

Now, anyone who knows Kepplecove Tarn will remember that it does not lie under lofty precipices that stand up straightly from it or hem it in with abruptness; while on the other hand, as the traveller approaches Red Tarn from the east, he sees the 'enormous barrier' of the 'Cove Head' rocks rise up for several hundred feet, dark and fearfully, above the Red Tarn, and the 'arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam' fairly seem to clasp the steel-white water-jewel of the Tarn to the rugged mountain breast.

The modern guide-writer was perhaps unaware that an older writer of guides, one Forbes, the then curate of Wytheburn, who would have every chance of being accurately informed, had written half a century ago (in 1839) that Gough's body had been discovered accidentally by shepherds on the edge of Red Tarn.

But it was easy to ask the informant R—— of Windermere for particulars, and his answer was as follows: "Dear Sir,—The place where Gough was supposed to be killed was Striding Edge. He was found by John Grisedale of Patterdale, who is dead, and his grandson is dead, and none of the family are living." The letter went on to tell me of one old man still living in Patterdale who made a mark where the body was found and sowed the spot with grass seeds.

It looked as if the Wizard of the North had been more accurate than ever when he described the place:

> Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
> Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay.

And when one remembered how, in the autumn of the same year in which Gough had died, Walter Scott and Humphry Davy had left their white pony at the stake by the Red Tarn, gazed at the ill-fated Striding Edge and at that, to this day, 'huge nameless rock' from which the traveller fell to his death, and then had "climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," one was quite sure that the writers of the poems 'Helvellyn' and 'Fidelity' had made up their minds as to the whereabouts of the accident and the scene of the lonely watching of the faithful dog.

What a day was that! Scott we know was in one of his raciest moods, overflowing with mirth and anecdote, though doubtless not a little disconcerted by that untimely salutation from the jovial host of the Swan, that Miss Martineau has chronicled: "Why, sir, ye've coomed seun for ya glass to-day." An untimely speech, which told the water-drinking bard that the Swan Inn had been making up any deficiencies in the Dove

Cottage hospitality. One can imagine how the matter, if touched on at all, was made subject of banter as they went up Grisedale. But there would fall upon the company silence and a cloud as they rode round Grisedale Tarn, for it was here where Wordsworth had parted from his beloved brother John, who perished by the shipwreck of the 'Earl of Abergavenny' on February 6th of the same year, 1805. And he may have murmured the stanza, written probably in the July preceding :

> Here did we stop, and here looked round,
> While each unto himself descends
> For that last thought of parting friends
> That is not to be found.

How the silence and the cloud would again fall on them, as they walked round the Red Tarn, startled the eagle, saw the hill fox steal away, heard the cry of the raven and buzzard, and the pipe of the grey plover, clambered with difficulty along the sheep track among the scattered rocks of Striding Edge, to the place where poor Gough's body was found, or sat on the great boulder stone that lies by the track up Swirrel Edge and gazed across the Red Tarn at the 'nameless crag,' 'the cliff huge in stature,' which had witnessed the wanderer's dying and the faithful dog's watch by the side of its

master 'in the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.'

But as they climbed up by Swirrel Edge to Helvellyn brow the sun would chase even these dark shadows quite away, the spirits of Scott and Wordsworth would revive, so that thirty-two years after, Wordsworth—when on a tour with Crabbe Robinson in Italy—goes back in thought to that occasion and his genial guest, and in his 'Musings near Aquapendente,' describes glowingly the view he obtained on that serene autumnal day when he stood with the Wizard of the North on old Helvellyn's brow—

> Where once together in his day of strength,
> We stood rejoicing, as if earth *were free*
> *From sorrow*, like the sky above our heads

Lockhart in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' vol. ii. p. 70, thus chronicles the incident:

"About this time Mr. and Mrs. Scott made a short excursion to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, and visited some of their finest scenery, in company with Mr. Wordsworth. I have found no written narrative of this little tour, but I have often heard Scott speak with enthusiastic delight of the reception he met with in the humble cottage which his brother poet then inhabited on the banks of Grasmere; and at least one of the

days they spent together was destined to furnish a theme for the verse of each, namely that which they gave to the ascent of Helvellyn, where, in the course of the preceding spring, a young gentleman having lost his way and perished by falling over a precipice, his remains were discovered, three months afterwards, still watched by 'a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent rambles among the wilds.' This day they were accompanied by an illustrious philosopher, who was also a true poet—and might have been one of the greatest of poets had he chosen ; and I have heard Mr. Wordsworth say that it would be difficult to express the feelings with which he, who so often had climbed Helvellyn alone, found himself standing on its summit with two such men as Scott and Davy."

But it was not only Scott and Wordsworth who had been touched to the heart by the faithfulness of Gough's dog. Ryan, in his 'Poetry and Poets,' tells us, as a prefatory note to the poem 'Helvellyn,' that Walter Scott and Campbell walking together and speaking of this incident each agreed in the spirit of amiable rivalship to make it the subject of a poem. Scott on his way home composed the following exquisite lines, which he sent next day to Campbell, who returned them with this reply: "I confess myself vanquished. If I were

to live a thousand years I could never write anything equal to this on the same subject;" and he never attempted it.

Wordsworth was evidently struck by Scott's poem, for after telling us that Scott and he without either of them knowing that the other had taken up the subject, had written a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity, added, "his contains a most beautiful stanza—

> How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
> When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?"

The subject was touched on by minor poets also. Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath—whose spade Wordsworth once apostrophised—speaks thus in a poem entitled 'Eamont Vale':

> The moon had thrice revolvéd through the sky,
> When a lone shepherd heard a wailful cry
> Far in Helvellyn. Following the sound,
> The dog, the robes, the owner's name were found.
>
> His scattered bones a train of shepherds brought
> Down the steep mountain and the valley sought;
> By Lady-beck his light remains they bore,
> And dug his sepulchre on her peaceful shore.

The verses are interesting only as being written by a man who lived within hail of Helvellyn and of the little Quaker's burial ground at Tirril, who

knew well the facts of the finding of the body and was present at Gough's funeral.

"I attended," he writes, "the interment of the remains of the poor young man, when they appeared so light that it would not have been difficult to have borne them to the grave under one's arm."

A Mrs. Ryves who in 1812 dedicated a small volume of Cumbrian legends to H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in a poem called 'Fragment of the Recluse,' speaking of the nobleness of dog-nature incidentally alludes to the death of Gough thus:

> And when the distant wand'rer yields his breath,
> No friend to dress his limbs in decent death,
> Patient his faithful dog, unhoused, unfed,
> Alone defends the precincts of the dead;
> Pious by instinct, guards the sacred clay,
> And sullen howls the midnight hours away.

This is poor stuff, but the authoress appends a note which is of interest:

"A circumstance occurred in Cumberland, during the author's residence there, of a remarkably affecting nature. A stranger who had been for some time exploring the lakes and fells, was attended by his faithful dog in the midst of those wild regions, and without any decided habitation from which he might be missed. It was supposed

by those who found him that his death was occasioned by a sudden precipitation from the top of the cliff beneath which he was discovered; he appeared to have been about six weeks dead. Close at his head lay his faithful spaniel, which had during the interval pupped and was rearing her pups beside her master. She was almost famished, yet had not been known to seek for shelter or support in any human habitation."

Here was the story as it was current in the Lake District within seven years of the event; but one wished to hear the contemporary accounts of the matter, and so a hunt was made in the county newspapers of the day.

The *Carlisle Journal* of 27th July, 1805, reports as follows:

"About five weeks ago Mr. Goff (sic) of Manchester, who had come to the neighbourhood of Keswick, Cumberland, in order to view and take a plan of the lakes, set out one morning from where he lodged at Wighburn (sic) with his rod and instruments, and was never heard of until Monday last, 22nd inst., when he was discovered upon the summit of a mountain Helvellyn, near a lake there, dead, and in the attitude of a person drawing, by a shepheard (sic) who had been attracted to the spot by the barking of a spaniel-bitch which had attended the deceased. The bitch had pupped in a

furze bush near the body of her master, and, shocking to relate, had torn the cloaths (sic) from the body and eaten him to a perfect skeleton. It is supposed he had been taking a view of the lake when he was seized with a fit, and no assistance been at hand, had unfortunately perished. Another account say (sic) that the deceased has been missing since April last, and that no part of the head has yet been found."

This account is copied into the *Newcastle Chronicle* of August 3rd, 1805, and is full of error. Gough did not start from Wytheburn, but from Patterdale. His body was discovered Saturday 20th; the inquest was held on Monday the 22nd, as the enclosed document from the Coroner attests. I have to thank the Clerk of the Peace of Westmorland for this:

"Robinson Cartmell for inquisitions, 1805, July 22nd.

1805, July 22nd, West Ward, to an inquisition taken on view of the body of a person unknown at Patterdale.

Distance 23 miles. £1. 17. 3."

The *Lancaster Gazette* of July 27th, 1805, gives another version:

"On Sunday last was found, at the foot of a precipice called Cat's-tree, on the mountain Hel-

vellyn, near Patterdale, Cumberland, the remains of a man named Charles Gough, of Manchester, he had spent two or three fishing seasons at Grasmere ; was at Patterdale the 1st of May last, on his way thither, and had not been seen since. He had with him a small spaniel bitch, which had staid near him and pupped, and, by her barking at some shepherds, led to the discovery. She had only one whelp with her. The man's head was not found, and most of his flesh was gone, supposed to have been devoured by birds of prey. He had a watch and money in his pocket, and papers in his pocket-book, which identified him. His remains were interred in the Quaker's burial ground at Tirril, on Thursday last, he having been a member of that society till about two years ago, when he was excluded for joining a volunteer corps."

The correspondent evidently did not know that it was the 18th of April when poor Gough was last seen or heard of in Patterdale ; but there is much of detailed knowledge in the account which must have been the result of some local enquiry.

Three days after the publication of these papers, appeared the two following accounts in the *Cumberland Pacquet* under date July 30th, 1805 :

" On Saturday, the 20th ult., the dead body of a gentleman was found near Red Tarn Crag in Patterdale, in this county.

"From the name being engraved on his gold watch, it is known to be the remains of a Mr. Charles Gough, a young man, supposed to belong to Manchester, who had been some time before in that neighbourhood, for the amusement of fishing: and about five weeks before the discovery of the body (probably the day upon which he died), had dined at Mr. Dobson's, a house of entertainment in Patterdale.

"Red Tarn is situate near the high mountain, called Helvellyn; and whether the unfortunate man had fallen from one of the adjoining eminences, or by what other means he came by his death, cannot be known from the putrid and mangled state of the body, for, it appears that a small brown bitch, which accompanied him, had pupped after the fatal event: which, together with her litter, was found near his remains, uncommonly fat! And the flesh of the latter was mostly consumed."

From another correspondent we have the following account of this melancholy circumstance:

"On the 18th April, Mr. Gough was at Patterdale, on his road to Wyburn, a place he frequently visited in summer, for the amusement of fishing. After receiving some refreshment at the inn, he requested the assistance of a guide, to conduct him over the mountains; but, it being a general review

day of the Volunteers in that neighbourhood, he could not procure one. He therefore proceeded on his journey, without any other companion than a favourite spaniel, and had never been heard of since, till Saturday the 20th, when a shepherd's boy passing near the fatal spot was attracted by the howling of a dog, who was still watching over his master. The boy immediately informed some of the inhabitants of Patterdale of the circumstance, who hastened to the place, and found the entire skeleton, except the skull, which was about seven yards off, lying at the bottom of a precipice of about 200 yards. His fishing rod was at the top, and a small bundle about half way down.

"In contradiction of the report that the dog had eaten his master, I have to state, from the opinion of some well-informed people in the neighbourhood, that from the frequency of the carcases of animals being devoured by birds of prey (which assemble there in great numbers), there can be little doubt that his body had fallen a sacrifice to those voracious birds. About an hour after he set out from Patterdale a great quantity of hail fell, accompanied with a heavy fog, which continued over the mountain the whole day, so that it is most probable he had missed his way, when he met with the fatal accident, and was not taking a

view of the adjoining mountains, as has been intimated. His remains were collected and decently interred in the Friends' burying ground at Tirril on the 22nd. The deceased was born in the Society of Quakers, of which he remained a member till about two years ago, when (in conformity with the professed principles of the Society) he was excluded for joining a Volunteer Corps."

A comparison of these two accounts in the *Cumberland Pacquet* leaves no doubt on one's mind as to which was the better informed of the two correspondents. In the former there is complete ignorance of the date when Gough was lost, and of the hailstorm and fog that probably led to his fall from Striding Edge, and the writer's one idea appears to be to account for the 'uncommonly fat' condition of the dog and her litter, found near her master's remains.

The latter correspondent has evidently made himself acquainted with much detail, he has seen the letter in the *Carlisle Journal*, contradicts flatly, upon what he considers good authority from the lips of some 'well-informed people in the neighbourhood,' the sinister suggestion that the dog had fattened upon her master's body, and pooh-poohs the suggestion that Gough perished of cold as he sat making a sketch.

The letter is the letter of a well-read man, and

emanated probably from a certain member of the Friends' Society named John Slee, who was a noted scholar, and kept an advanced school or academy near Tirril in those days.

Such were the contemporary accounts which have furnished writers all the way down to to-day with their accounts of Gough's death and of his canine friend. There are other accounts in print that require brief notice.

Of these, in order of date we have first the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson's, for whose 'Select Views in Cumberland and Westmorland and Lancashire,' Wordsworth wrote the preface, 1810-1821. He speaks of Red Tarn as "a desolate spot formerly haunted by eagles that built in the precipice which forms its western barrier. These birds used to wheel and hover round the head of the solitary angler." Alas for the angler! The eagles were last seen upon Helvellyn in 1836. Eagles and tourists do not seem to get on well together.

"It also," continues Wilkinson, "now derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a young man, a stranger, who perished here a few years ago, by falling down the rocks in his attempts to cross over to Grasmere. His remains were discovered by means of a faithful dog who had lingered here for the space of three months, self-supported, and probably retaining to the last an attachment to the

skeleton of its dead master." It is clear that Wilkinson did not believe that the dog had turned cannibal.

John Robinson wrote his 'Guide to the Lakes' in 1819; he was rector of Clifton in Westmorland, and would be able easily to make any enquiries in Patterdale that he thought necessary, and it is probable that he had met Gough. He tells us that "in the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talent and of a most amiable disposition, who was making a solitary tour, and had left Patterdale with the hopes of reaching Wythburn, unhappily trusted too much to his own local knowledge, lost his way and perished beneath 'the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.' This gentleman, whose name was Charles Gough, had inquired at Patterdale for a guide to Wythburn; but there being, as it is believed, a review of the Volunteers in the neighbourhood on that day, no person could be procured to direct him. It snowed too on that day. He was therefore advised to remain at Patterdale till the day following; but unhappily he did not comply with this advice. The remains of this unfortunate gentleman were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful female terrier, his constant attendant during his rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmorland." Then follows

the poem of 'Mr. Walter Scott,' and the concluding stanza of Wordsworth's 'Fidelity.'

It is evident that the compiler of Allison's 'Northern Tourists' Guide to the Lakes,' which was published first at Penrith in 1827, and passed through many editions, got his inspiration from Robinson, but a foot-note of considerable importance was added, probably from local knowledge. "The whitened bones of the hapless dead, the only remains of this unfortunate tourist, were interred at Tirril, and were so light that it would not have been difficult to have borne them to the grave under a person's arm." This Allison got from Wilkinson of Yanwath. Perhaps he was indebted to Wilkinson for the following facts also: "Fourteen weeks after the time he left Patterdale, his remains were discovered by George Harrison, a servant at Hallsteads, who was attracted to the spot, by seeing a dog and hat and some clothes. It is supposed he was precipitated from Red Cove Head Rock, his penknife having been found there, with his name engraved upon it. His fishing-rod was discovered thirty yards from the summit. Two guineas and a half in gold and fifteen shillings in silver were found in his clothes and given to the overseer at Patterdale."

It was clear from this account that Christopher North had, in one particular, romanced in his

terrible story of the 'Red Tarn Club Raven Orgy.' "There must have been great difficulty," wrote Christopher in 1825, "to the most accomplished of the carrion, in stripping the Quaker of his drab. The broad-brim had probably escaped with the first intention, and after going before the wind half across the unfrozen Tarn, capsized, filled, and sunk." And yet one almost forgives a man the ghastliness of his humour ; and humour there certainly is, not only in the account he gives of the difficulties the ravens had to get through the well-swathed wrappings of decent drab, and at the poor Quaker's body, but in that grim comical ending of the feast when one old bird, who spoke the Westmorland dialect, exclaimed after half an hour's silence : "I'se weel nee brussen! there be's Muster Wudswuth. Ho! ho! ho!" and when 'The Red Tarn Club,' afraid of having their orgies put into blank verse by "the bard benighted in the Excursion from Patterdale to Jobson's Cherry-tree," sailed away in floating fragments beneath the moon and stars.

I say one almost forgives Christopher North for his grim humour, and this because of his opening sentence : "There can be no doubt that that foolish Quaker, who some twenty years ago perished at the foot of a crag near Red Tarn, was devoured of ravens." For Christopher North was well ac-

quainted with raven land and raven ways, and doubtless had stood many a time on Helvellyn High Man and heard, as Budworth, the writer of 'A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes' (quoted by Harrison in his Guide of 1802, p. 159), had heard, 'the ravens croaking' when he gazed down upon Red Tarn, 'shaped like a Bury pear' in the cove beneath.

And better far does it seem that the poor traveller should have fallen a prey to the fowls of the air, those natural scavengers of the mountain side, than that the honour and fidelity of his faithful four-footed friend and mourner should be called in question.

Without endorsing De Quincey's statement that the poor little creature "could never have obtained food or shelter through his long winter's imprisonment," we gladly give his account of the accident, for he is in sympathy with the subject. His information was probably gathered during his stay at Grasmere between 1808 and 1819:

"The case of Mr. Gough, who perished in the bosom of Helvellyn, and was supposed to have been disabled by a sprain of the ankle, whilst others believed him to have received that injury and his death simultaneously in a fall from the lower shelf of a precipice, became well known to the public, in all its details, through the accident of having been

recorded in verse by two writers nearly at the same time, viz., Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth. But here again, as in the case of the Greens, it was not the naked fact of his death amongst the solitudes of the mountain that would have won the public attention, or have obtained the honour of a metrical commemoration. Indeed, to say the truth, the general sympathy with this tragic event was not derived chiefly from the unhappy tourist's melancholy end, for that was too shocking to be even hinted at by either of the two writers (in fact, there was too much reason to fear that it had been the lingering death of famine)—not the personal sufferings of the principal figure in the little drama—but the sublime and mysterious fidelity of the secondary figure, his dog ; this it was which won the imperishable remembrance of the vales, and which accounted for the profound interest that immediately gathered round the incidents—an interest that still continues to hallow the memory of the dog. Not the dog of Athens, nor the dog of Pompeii, so well deserve the immortality of history or verse. Mr. Gough was a young man, belonging to the Society of Friends, who took an interest in the mountain scenery of the Lake District, both as a lover of the picturesque and as a man of science. It was in this latter character, I believe, that he had ascended Helvellyn at the time

when he met with his melancholy end. From his familiarity with the ground—for he had been an annual visitant to the Lakes—he slighted the usual precaution of taking a guide.

"Mist, unfortunately—impenetrable volumes of mist—came floating over (as so often they do) from the gloomy fells that compose a common centre for Easedale, Langdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale, Wastdale, Gatesgarthdale (pronounced Keskadale), and Ennerdale. Ten or fifteen minutes afford ample time for their aerial navigation; within that short interval, sunlight, moonlight, starlight alike disappear; all paths are lost; vast precipices are concealed, or filled up by treacherous draperies of vapour; the points of the compass are irrecoverably confounded; and one vast cloud, too often the cloud of death even to the experienced shepherd, sits like a vast pavilion upon the summit and gloomy coves of Helvellyn. Mr. Gough ought to have allowed for this not unfrequent accident, and for its bewildering effects, under which all local knowledge (even that of shepherds) becomes in an instant unavailing. What was the course and succession of his dismal adventures, after he became hidden from the world by the vapoury screen, could not be fully deciphered even by the most sagacious of mountaineers, although, in most cases, they manifest an Indian truth

of eye, together with an Indian felicity of weaving all the signs that the eye can gather into a significant tale, by connecting links of judgment and natural inference, especially where the whole case ranges within certain known limits of time and of space. But in this case two accidents forbade the application of their customary skill in the circumstances. One was, the want of snow at the time, to receive the impression of his feet; the other, the unusual length of time through which his remains lay undiscovered. He had made the ascent at the latter end of October, a season when the final garment of snow, which clothes Helvellyn from the setting in of winter to the sunny days of June, has frequently not made its appearance. He was not discovered until the following spring, when a shepherd, traversing the coves of Helvellyn or of Fairfield in quest of a stray sheep, was struck by the unusual sound (and its echo from the neighbouring rocks) of a short quick bark, or cry of distress, as if from a dog or young fox. Mr. Gough had not been missed; for those who saw or knew of his ascent from the Wythburn side of the mountain, took it for granted that he had fulfilled his intention of descending in the opposite direction into the valley of Patterdale, or into the Duke of Norfolk's deer-park on Ullswater, or possibly into Matterdale; and that he had finally

quitted the country by way of Penrith. Having no reason, therefore, to expect a domestic animal in a region so far from human habitations, the shepherd was the more surprised at the sound, and its continued iteration. He followed its guiding, and came to a deep hollow, near the awful curtain of rock called Striding Edge. There, at the foot of a tremendous precipice, lay the body of the unfortunate tourist ; and watching by his side, a meagre shadow, literally reduced to a skin and to bones that could be counted (for it is a matter of absolute demonstration that he never could have obtained either food or shelter through his long winter's imprisonment) sat this most faithful of servants—mounting guard upon his master's honoured body, and protecting it (as he had done effectually) from all violation by the birds of prey which haunt the central solitudes of Helvellyn :

> How nourished through that length of time,
> He knows, who gave that love sublime,
> And sense of loyal duty—great
> Beyond all human estimate."

Edward Baines in his 'Companion to the Lakes,' 1830, adds nothing to our knowledge. W. A. Chatto, under the *nom de plume* of 'Stephen Oliver,' in 1834, in his 'Recollections of Fly Fish-

ing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland,' simply copies the account that Slee may have written to the *Cumberland Pacquet* in 1805, but emphasizes the fact of the presence of foxes and wild birds which haunt the fells and prey upon the carcases of the sheep and lambs which lie among the hills, as accounting for the destruction of the flesh from the body of the unfortunate traveller.

During my search among records of Gough's death a correspondent sent me an extract from the 'Papers, Letters, and Journal,' by William Pearson, printed for private circulation in 1863. William Pearson was born at Borderside in 1780, and he writes: "On the 20th of August, 1822, I set out and went from Crosthwaite (Westmorland) to Keswick that day . . . . was told by the landlord at Wythburn, who knew Mr. Gough who perished on Helvellyn, that his dog was a little brown cocker, but had turned grey on the back while on the mountain, and become wild."

This looked like a determining of the question of the kind of dog that had accompanied his master, and had the landlord been of the Cherry-tree, and not of the Horse-Head, one might have been satisfied ; but it was at the Cherry-tree, and not at the Horse-Head, where young Gough usually stayed, as evidenced by a writer in 'Hone's

Table-book,' p. 535, under date July 24th, 1827: "Opposite Wythburn Chapel, which is the smallest I ever saw, I entered into conversation with a labouring man, who was well acquainted with the late Charles Gouche (sic), the gentle 'pilgrim of nature' who met an untimely death by falling over the precipice of Helvellyn. Some time previous to his death he had lodged at the Cherry-tree, near Wythburn. The man related many anecdotes of him, but none particularly interesting. Mr. Gouche (sic) was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, which he would frequently recite to him and others of his friends."

It was at the homely Cherry-tree inn, where, according to Budworth, at the end of last century and the beginning of this, a breakfast of mutton, ham, eggs, butter-milk whey, tea, bread, and butter, and cheese, were served for 7d. a head—that the young artist who loved the poets had his intermittent habitation. Thence from time to time, leaving his trunk behind him, he ascended the slopes of Helvellyn for a spell of fishing in Patterdale. Thither he descended from time to time, sketch-book, bundle, and fishing-rod in hand, and doubtless he beguiled many a long evening in the humble kitchen-parlour with his recitations. The 'Waggoner' may have seen him and heard him at the famous 'merry-neet' when he lingered

there on his way from Ambleside to Keswick, for the Cherry-tree was 'half-way house of call' in those days.

One had learnt as much as one could learn from records of Gough and his dog or dogs, for it was plain that opinion from an early date was divided as to the kind of dog that accompanied him. Was it terrier or cocker spaniel that had won immortality at the mouths of Scott and Wordsworth?

All that Wordsworth had told us was that 'it was not of mountain breed;' not a collie dog, and that it barked like a mountain fox. The spaniel's voice hardly answers to this description, there is a yap in the wild fox cry which I do not think will be found in spaniels or cockers.

Perhaps the painters would be able to help us. The artists would surely have seized upon such a subject and made it their own. So far as could be ascertained only four pictures were in existence, one by Daniell, R.A., which was exhibited in the Royal Academy about 1833, a woodcut of which is given in 'Domesticated Animals,' published by Parker in 1834. The dog there depicted above the dead master, clad in tartan kilt, is a huge white terrier of mongrel breed. Another picture by Pettitt is described by King Matthew, in which he tells us "the faithful dog (a little white terrier bitch, which lived in Grasmere many years after

the event) is keeping watch over the remains." Landseer's picture makes it appear like a retriever, if memory serves me. The fourth was a beautiful water-colour drawing, full of meaning, by Harry Goodwin, and therein the dog suggested is a black and tan collie.

It was high time to obtain some news direct from any representative of the family who might chance to be alive ; and good fortune allowed me an introduction to the sole surviving member, in the direct male line, Miss Agnes Gough, the grand-niece of the faithful dog's master, only daughter of the late rector of Charlton-on-Otmoor, near Oxford, who was a Fellow of Queen's College, and who died in 1862. I had previously gathered that the young man was known in Manchester as the son of a woolstapler who was sprung from Crosby Garrett and had cousins in Kendal. He was believed to be in the office of a firm named Wadkin, acting as traveller for them. It was clear that what with his love for the poets and the pencil, his devotion to animals, his care for fishing, and his enthusiasm for the Volunteers, he had departed from the tradition of his fathers, but it was in vain that I attempted to get a copy of the 'minute of disownment' which was, it is said, found in the young man's pocket after death, because this expulsion from the ranks of the Friends had taken place

before the Hardshaw Monthly Meeting, at Manchester, was divided into East and West.

The mother of my informant as to Gough's Manchester connexion had lived in the same street as the Goughs resided in, in Manchester, and had said that she remembered Mr. Gough always went out with a dog and a walking-stick—small evidence this, perhaps, of his anti-Friendly ways ; and was a pleasant-looking young man.

Miss Gough had kept by her some old family deeds, and kindly forwarded me any documents that seemed likely to let in light as to Charles Gough's early history ; from these I learned that Joseph Gough, son of Joseph Gough of Manchester, gentleman, and Esther his late wife deceased, and Margaret Gough, daughter of Joseph Gough of Kirkby Kendal, shearman dyer, and Elizabeth his wife had declared their intention of marrying before several meetings of the people called Quakers, and in the fear of God and before the assembly of the aforesaid people in the meeting house of Preston Patrick, Westmorland, did solemnly take one another for better or worse on the 26th day of the 6th month called June, in the year 1779. Sixteen friends and relatives witnessed the document of marriage. And I imagine, from the oil paintings that have come down to us of Joseph, in stock and wig, and his cousin Margaret

in magnificent head-dress of silken damask, that they were as pretty a pair of lovers as might well be found at Preston Patrick Meeting.

Charles Gough, the son, was born, as an entry in the family Bible put it with preciseness, "on the eighteenth day of April, 1782, at three-quarters of an hour past five o'clock in the morning." And as I write, there lies before me a little time-stained piece of parchment of interest, on which is written in the old Quaker birth-note style:

"On the Eighteenth Day of the Fourth Month, called April, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, was born at Manchester, in the Parish of Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, unto Joseph Gough, junr., and Margaret his wife, a son, who was named Charles.

"We who were present at the said Birth, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereof.

"Dorothy Stretch.
"Hannah Hodgson."

It was a coincidence that at about five o'clock of the afternoon of the 18th day of April, 1805, the young man should have perished by the Red Tarn.

The father died young, leaving the widow with the two sons, Charles and Harry, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who afterwards married Dr. Flint of Leek, a gentleman in comfortable circumstances.

This disposes of the pitiable tale of forlornness and bankruptcy and family heartlessness, as told by Christopher in his 'Aviary.' The Professor's tale is pure romance—though living at Elleray as he did, he doubtless could have got to know any facts he might wish of the Gough family.

That the young man was a passionate lover of nature and architecture is seen in eight mezzotint drawings of landscape and architecture, made on a Scotch tour, 1803-1805, and signed by Charles Gough in a clear, fine, copperplate hand.

These old drawings, while they show care and anxiety to give faithful renderings of form and scene, show also that the young man had been self-taught, and that he had yet much to learn as an artist.

Charles Gough's love of the mountains and of lonely wanderings among the fells, is a matter of tradition in the family. That Gough was fond of sport was remembered by an old gardener of Miss Gough's grandmother at Kirkby Stephen, who told a person now living, that he often went with Mr. Charles fishing, and when his body was brought down from the fells, this old man got hold of a bit of the plaid it was wrapped in, and the family kept it in their possession till quite lately.

There seems to be uncertainty whether this branch of the family migrated from Kendal prior

to young Gough's death, but they claim a joint descent, with the family of the famous blind John Gough, from Goff the Parliamentarian general. They pronounce their name as 'Goff,' and it is probable that they were sprung from the common Wyresdale stock. Distant cousins of the name of Wilson, and of the Friend Society connexion, have long dwelt in Kendal. Portraits in oil of Charles Gough's father and mother exist at Abingdon, but no portrait or drawing of Charles is in existence.[1] I can not learn what happened to the silver pencil case or gold watch, said to have been found upon Charles' body, with his name engraved thereon; but when the present Miss Gough's father and mother were making a tour of the Lakes in 1857, the egg-cups and toast-rack which poor Charles used at the old Cherry-tree were shown to them, kept lovingly as memorials of the wanderer who died upon Helvellyn.

Making enquiries in the Wytheburn dale, it was well remembered by old men whose fathers 'kenned' young Gough, that he was a "particlar nice young man, varra free, and most particlar fond of fishin' an' aw, an' knew ivery beck this side o' t' Raise." It was remembered that "he mostly-what in a general way stayed at t' Cherry-tree wi' t' oald

[1] Charles Flint had the watch, and it was stolen from him by a tramp.

chap as was afoor Mark Allison, and went ower to Patterdeal for a spell, and wad then coom back for a bit to Wyburn, ye kna, but nivver a wud o' warnin', it was coom an' goa wid him; and so fwoaks in Patterdeal thowt he wad be ower i' Wyburn, and fwoaks in Wyburn likely thowt he was still in Patterdeal, and nivver nea search nor nowt."

As to the kind of dog that had watched by his master's body, "it was just a laal yallow short-haired tarrier dog, that was t' common repwort; hooivver, it's said 'at it hed hed pups, but pups war aw deead, an' t' tarrier was varra nar pinched to deeath an' aw, and varra wild, cudn't git it, ye kna, but hed to lay hounds on and hunt it down."

What did it live on? "Leeve! Theer was plenty o' carrion sheep for it to leeve on i' t' ghylls at that time o' year."

This I heard was the accepted version among the Helvellyn shepherds, who, one and all, averred that they had "niver h'ard sec a thing spokken till, that t' laal dog eat t' maister on 'im, and they didn't believe a dog cud or wad neather, it 'ud hunger to deeath first, for dogs war sensible things, and varra human."

From a lady whose parents and grandparents had resided in the Wytheburn vale I ascertained that her grandfather had often seen young Gough

at "that house of prayer, as lowly as the lowliest dwelling—Wytheburn Chapel—with his dog, which was a dark, short-haired, rough terrier, rather like a Dandie, with small ears, she thought."

But it was necessary to enquire in Patterdale, and, with a friend—that so out of the witness of two mouths whatever we heard of the truth might be established—I set off early in November, 1890, to make enquiry there.

Two witnesses shall be called, the first a little dark-eyed man whom we found sitting with his terrier dog in a tiny bedroom lumbered up with old curiosities, among which were the Latin and French and Greek books of his grandfather's day; for his grandfather had been a village schoolmaster out Ouseby way, in the time when the Dale schools gave a really liberal education, and who, as old W. put it, 'hed t' makkin' o' a deal o' priests, and yan on 'em a bishop."

He had "sarraed his time as a gardener," and had mixed up politics with his plants. "Was bworn a Whig, and wad dee a Whig an' aw." Had cared for the poets, too, as he had cared for plants and politics. Could remember 'ald Wudswuth,' as he irreverently called him, and had "many a time cracked wi' lile Coleridge." "It was Hartley, ye kna, as writ that piece on t' heeadstean in t' churchyard." I didn't know it, but I

kept the old man on this track of remembrance of the bard, and he went on: "Eh dear! but I can see him sitting now wi' a pot o' beer afoor him, makkin' gham o' a piece o' potery as Wudswuth hed meead about a pet lamb."

He was a character! The old man had tired of the narrow world in which he lived as a gardener, and determined to tramp to London to see Westminster and the Tower; had gone, for love of the statesman, out of his way to see Sir Robert Peel's house at Tamworth; and stayed a week at Lichfield because of Dr. Johnson and his Dictionary.

He could not tell us his age, but he remembered toddling to the inquest held upon Gough's body at Braysteads farm, where one Errol or Earle, he thought, lived in those days.

The young man Gough, to the best of his knowledge, had called at Thomas Dobson's—the inn was actually owned by one Lancelot Dobson. He had been seen to go up the old road by Grasthwaite How, without a guide, and a great mist and sleet came on, with a storm of hail, about four in the afternoon, and it was supposed he had fallen from Tarn Crag. The dog that was with him was a terrier much like his own in breed, so he had heard —he never saw it; it was "a yallow short-haired un," he had been told. The three pups were found dead all round her when she was discovered, and

she was starved very nearly to death, but very wild, and no fight in her at all, so he had been told, when they loosened the hounds.

It was one they called Young, and another—he thought it might have been Grisedale, but of this he was not sure—that went up to bring the body down on Sunday, but it was George Harrison that found the body on the Saturday, when he was "lating woolled sheep, for sheep-getherin' on t' fells, or clippin', he could not mind whether."

George Harrison and his brother William were shepherds "for yan John Mounsey, last King o' Patterdeal," and he had heard tell that "the skull was clean picked o' flesh, and was a gay good way off frae t' body, but aw t' rest o' t' body was togidder, and t' beans war inside t' cleas" (clothes).

The old man knew the place where the body was found, but never heard about grass seeds being sown. He was too infirm to attempt to get up to the spot now.

One fact that interested me much was the existence of a great 'bowder stean' by the side of the old path up Swirrel Edge, or rather, where the old path zigzags into the newer path. "On that stean," he had heard his father say, "Sir Walter Scott sat, the day they came to see the place where the young gentleman was found, and to write their bits of potery about it." He knew all about Sir

Walter ; had read his poems, and was evidently of opinion that Sir Walter had gone to the 'girt stean' to have a good look at the fatal crag.

This was a hint to my friend and myself as to the whereabouts of the 'huge nameless rock.' When we afterwards climbed up to the Tarn, and leaving it on our left began to ascend Swirrel Edge, we had little difficulty in identifying the isolated boulder upon whose broad back (carved with the letter O—I say this for identification's sake) had sat Scott in the autumn of 1805 ; and from that moment we felt assured that it was from the tall crag opposite, that goes somewhat into a hummock and then drops to the hause that connects Striding Edge with Helvellyn, that the storm-blinded traveller had fallen. And how like Scott it was to go off to such a vantage ground to get the view of that

> Huge nameless rock which in front was impending,

and to

> Mark the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

As to the Crag's name, old W. thought "it mostly-what got Tarn Crag," but of that he was not sure. As to the dog, "it was a tarrier, a laal yallow-brown tarrier dog, so far as he knew, not a spaniel nor collie dog, just a laal yallow-brown dog, so far as he could tell, that had watched by the

body, and pups was aw liggin' deead round her when they found her, and she was starved ameeast till a skeleton hersel'. But what, if we wanted to kna mair, we mud gang across t' deale and caw on George, son o' William, him 'at was shepherd in t' ald days to Mr. Mounsey o' Patterdeal Ha'."

Right gladly did we "gang across t' deale," and were soon busily engaged in recalling the old memories of the event, with the son of one of those who helped to bring the poor body down to the inquest, "just lapped up in a hay-sheet, for t' beeans was aw lowse, and t' body was withered till a perfect skeleton," so H. had heard his father say.

H. had heard tell that the young man was very venturesome, and would not be dissuaded by the host at the inn from going up, notwithstanding the day was a 'dark day.' He had heard too of the review of the Volunteers at Penrith, which had taken place at the time, and seemed to have prevented the possibility of a guide, and he had been told that heavy hail fell an hour after Gough had set out up towards Striding Edge.

As to the place, he had heard from one R., who is a Patterdale man over seventy years of age, a shepherd, and one who has hunted the fells ever since he could run, that the crag Gough fell from was a crag at the back of Lad Crag that faces out toward Grisedale, only a few yards from the far

end of Striding Edge, as you go along it to climb Helvellyn. He had never heard of grass seeds being sown to mark the place, but R. had told him that there was a small heap of stones laid up near the foot of the crag from which Gough fell, and about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from its summit. He had never heard the crag get any name, nor had R., but he knew that our first informant, old W., believed it was called Tarn Crag. He thought W. was mistaken.

About the dog, he had heard his father say that the little dog was a fox-terrier, with hard short hair, and close coated. He had not heard that it was 'poor' when it was found. It ran for some time when the fox-hounds were set after it, backwards and forwards, would not leave the place far, and ran to bay close to the spot where the body was found. He had heard that it ran well, and looked better than anyone could have expected.

G. H. had never known his father, or anyone, say what they thought had eaten the flesh of the dog's master, but he was quite sure that it would never have been the dog, it was not the way of them. "T' laal dog wad likely find plenty o' carrion in t' crags or t' ghylls," and it was lambing time on the fells.

I asked if he had ever heard that the dog had eaten his master's body, and old H. said, "nowt o'

t' sort, a dog wad nivver dea sic a thing ; and he kenned dogs, for he'd been amang 'em aw his daays ; it isn't t' naatur o' t' animal. But they did say that ravens hed picked at him a bit ; and," he added, "I suddent wonder neather, theer used to be a canny few theer away when I wur a lad."

He had heard old people talk about eagles on Helvellyn, but could not give the date of their last appearance. He had not heard that any part of the body was missing, but knew that the skull was separate from the body. Nor had he heard that the bones were broken at all, as they would have been if a dog had tried to get at the marrow ; this confirmed old W.'s account. I had previously asked W. if he had heard whether any of the bones were broken or lost, and his answer was, "No, they were inside the clothes, and all there, so he had been told."

He told us that the dog had been carried away after the inquest by some relation, his father had told him, but whither he knew not.

How it came to pass that the body was discovered was, that it was "sheep-getherin' time, and Mounsey' lads war off latin' woolled uns on t' high fells," so H. thought.

The Shepherds' Meeting on Helvellyn is fixed by law, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, for the first Monday after the 20th of

July, and this would account for the fact of the shepherds going up to the high fells and scouring the recesses of that cove and the dark skirts of the screes that sweep down to the Red Tarn.

We had been well repaid for our Patterdale excursion, and a week or two later the joint story of the Patterdale men was confirmed by one of the oldest living Helvellyn shepherds, who had always believed that the dog was "a laal wiry-haired tarrier dog, that was varra poor when runned to bay." He scouted the idea of her having lived upon her master, and had known, "a gay good lock o' years sen," a collie that remained till it was pined almost to death by the side of her master's body, near Wanthwaite Crags on Helvellyn, and had then come home; and he argued that if, rather than feed upon its master, the collie came back, the 'laal tarrier,' had it not chanced upon a carrion sheep, would probably also have returned, for it would 'ken' its way, as Gough frequently went from Patterdale to Wytheburn, and it had only got to go down by the ghyll from the Tarn to find its road to the valley. "Fwoaks as thinks that a dog would mell of its maister's body knas nowt o' t' natur o' sec like things." So Willy W. said, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with great emphasis and stowed it away with a look of pity and disgust: "They might as weel talk of a barn

eatin' its deead fadder or mudder"—and there the matter ended.

I was glad of old Willy's word, for if any man knew dogs or dog-nature, he did, and it was well to have some weight of opinion against the suggestions of sinister import that had been born of the ill-informed correspondent's letter in the *Cumberland Pacquet* in 1805, doubtless to be repeated by scoffers at dog-nature from time to time still. Indeed, since writing the above, I find an anonymous scribbler in the *Globe* of 15th July trying to bring the poor little heroine of the Poems into contempt by asserting "that it is notorious in Patterdale that the men who actually found the remains of poor Gough answered the question that puzzled Wordsworth, as to with what food the animal was sustained during the months that elapsed before its master's body was found, without any difficulty whatever." To this gentleman it will be enough to rejoin that, having made very careful enquiries amongst those best qualified to give a judgment, I find every voice lifted up in reasonable contradiction to his statement and in full accord with the well-informed correspondent's view who wrote the second letter in the *Cumberland Pacquet* of July 27th, 1805.

But if it was difficult to ascertain what kind of dog the faithful little guardian had been, it was

still more difficult to trace what became of her after the inquest. All that was known in Patterdale was that she was taken away by some one that came to the funeral in the Friends' burial ground at Tirril, beyond Pooley Bridge.

A paragraph appeared in the *Westmorland Gazette* of November 8th, 1890, as follows:

"What kind of a dog was that which kept watch and ward over Gough through the weary days and nights its master lay a corpse near Red Tarn in 1805? Scott has immortalised the faithful creature in his poem on Helvellyn, and in a note he says it was a terrier bitch. This week I have received two enquiries on the subject from different parts of England, and as I happen to have been told by a dear old friend, now long passed away, that he well remembered this interesting dog, and had when a child often played with it, it may be well to put his account of the facts on record. After poor Gough's remains were interred, the dog was handed over to a cousin, I believe, of Mr. Gough's who resided in Stricklandgate, Kendal. My old friend said the dog was a cocker. Whether it was a cocker, or a terrier, as Sir Walter has it, the wonderful endurance and fidelity shewn through these thirteen weeks of watching will always arouse admiration of the dog's attachment."

This, no doubt, was the cocker spoken of to

Mr. Pearson by the Wytheburn hostel keeper in 1824.

The late Mr. Foster Braithwaite of Kendal, in his 'Angle Reminiscences,' says: "This dog was sent to Mrs. Gough, an aunt of the unfortunate gentleman, residing at Kendal, and was frequently the playfellow of our worthy townsman Mr. Thomas Atkinson, when a boy."

Another claimant to the possession of the dog in the Kendal neighbourhood is a certain Mr. John Gandy, who lived in the middle of this century with his brother James at Milnthorpe, and who, it is said by a friend, believed that the dog had preyed upon her master, "as the bitch was found with pups about her, and so she was not likely to have left her pups to seek for food."

In answer to whom, one has the testimony of the contemporaries and the tradition in the dales, that the pups were all dead about her, another argument for the suggestion that the poor little mother had, in her love for her master, even conquered her natural affection for her young, and gone off in quest for food even to the loss of her own little ones.

But was this cocker spaniel that went to Kendal ever with Gough's body at the Red Tarn on Helvellyn at all? Enquiry of the distant connexion of the Gough family still resident in Kendal shewed

that a dog, believed to be the faithful one, died there and was buried in 'Sandys' Close, now Sandys Avenue; but Mr. W., the descendant of the dog's reputed protector in Kendal, writes: "Nothing but general impressions remain about the event or the dog here in Kendal. My impression has been and is that it was a terrier. I have heard it called a mountain terrier."

By a happy chance it was my fortune to interview an old man in his ninety-second year, one Stamper by name, who had worked side by side with the one-time host of the Cherry-tree, and afterwards, so the old man thought, host of the Horse Head in the days when, I suppose, having tired of public-house keeping, he had taken to joiner's work in a shop at Braithwaite. He 'kenned' Jopson well. "And now," said I, "did you ever hear of the young man who perished by Red Tarn on Helvellyn?" "What, him 'at lodged at t' Cherry-tree a lang while sen?" "Yes," I replied. "Oh, I kenned what fwoaks said about him, and oft heard Jopson crack." "Well, what kind of a dog was it that watched by the dead body by the tarn all those weeks?" "It was a lile brown yallow spaniel dog," said he, "kind of a lapdog mak." "A cocker spaniel?" said I. "No, noa; a lile bit tarrier—fancy dog, ye kna, that's what it was." And so the secret was out.

'Spaniel' in Cumberland vernacular meant a lap-dog, and the addition of the word 'cocker' was a needless addition to the word spaniel, as spoken of to William Pearson of Borderside in 1822. My informant died the week after our talk. It was a happy chance that took me to his door.

I could learn nothing of the white terrier that doubtless was shewn to admiring tourists at Grasmere as the heroine of Helvellyn, but was much interested in hearing that there was still living at Crosby Garrett an old body, Betty W., who had been in service as nurse with Charles Gough's brother Harry. Through the kindness of the great-niece of the lost traveller, and her friend Mrs. T. of Kirkby Stephen, I was enabled to push enquiry of this old servant.

Now in her ninety-sixth or ninety-seventh year, Betty asserted that she could remember well when she was quite a child a messenger coming with the sad news of Mr. Charles' death, and of Mrs. Gough, the mother, weeping over her lost son. She remembered that a man named Thomas Brunskill went with Mr. H. Gough for the corpse and the dog. Brunskill's son only died last year. As to Mr. Charles Gough, she remembered that he used to come on visits at Crosby Garrett ; that he was very fond of fishing and walking about ; that *he had two dogs with him, one larger and smoother*

haired and darker in colour than the other which she called 'the faithful one.'

Old Betty said the faithful one's name was Foxey; it was a small light-brown or tawney smooth-haired dog, not so large as the black and tan terrier the interviewer had with her. On another occasion she said "it was a bonnie little thing, and she had nursed it many times when she was nursemaid at Mrs. Gough's of Crosby Garrett." Old Brunskill brought back from the funeral of Charles a plaid and the little dog, and she asserted that when it died Brunskill buried it under an apple-tree in an orchard belonging to the house where the family of Goughs were then living at Crosby Garrett, and put up some little mark with the words "To the memory of Foxey" written upon it.

Here was what looked like a solution of the mystery of the two dogs that shared the honours of fidelity—Charles had two dogs with him. The cocker spaniel may have been "the larger smoother-haired and darker in colour" than the Faithful one that old Betty described, and it may either have been left at the Cherry-tree during Charles Gough's absence in Patterdale, or it may have survived the faithful little terrier Foxey, and have gone to Kendal when the wife of Harry, Charles' brother, died at Kirkby Stephen, whither

they had removed from Crosby Garrett, and when the family, or some members of it, migrated to their grandmother Gough's at Kendal.

It was clear that this very old servant of the Gough family, who had nursed all the nephews and nieces of poor Charles, had a marvellous memory, from the details she gave about her charges in old nursery days. And I sent a drawing of a cocker spaniel to her by my correspondent in order that she might say whether Foxey the Faithful was at all like it, and she was quite clear that Foxey was not like it either in shape or size or make of ears. So that one believes that the little lover of her master, who for her master's sake through three months' cold and frost, rain and wind, watched him fading before her eyes—who perhaps did what she could, when not off seeking food, to "scare the hill-fox and the raven away"—who gave up even the joy of motherhood in her anxious concern for the fast-dissolving body—who even when the hounds were set upon her refused to leave it, but circling round and round stood to bay, at last, by the side of that helpless, headless heap of silence and decay, was none other than a terrier whose name may tell its colour, perhaps its breed. The faithful old nurse died within three months of her evidence, but she had helped the little smooth-haired Irish terrier to its right.

That devotion of the watcher by the dead has been long ago crowned with song, and when in memory of

> that strength of feeling, great
> Beyond all human estimate,

we toiled up Helvellyn, through the heat of a long Midsummer day—June 18th, 1891—behind the sledge that, not without much difficulty, bore the record of 'Fidelity' to the mountain top, we felt that the chains of love that bind man to the so-called brute creatures were stronger than had been thought of, and that the interchange of spirit between two worlds that seem so wide apart was more possible than had been imagined.

There on the wind-combed mountain top, above the dreadful precipice where Gough perished, the haulers of stone, the worker of mortar, the builder of the memorial cairn worked hard for a couple of days, and left behind them in what has been called "the Temple of the Winds and of the Sun" a stone that may, with its simple tale, touch the hearts of passers-by for generations to come, and stand a monument to an heroic vigil, and to the fidelity and love, no death could quench, of the humble 'Friend of Man.'

Since writing the above a very interesting letter from Thomas Clarkson of Grasmere, written in July, 1805, has become the property of the Dove

Cottage trustees, and is now on exhibition there. Through their courtesy I am allowed to print it as a note to this paper. It adds a completeness to my story for which I am sure my readers will be grateful.

GRASMERE, NEAR AMBLESIDE,
July 26, 1805.

ESTEEMED FRIEND
JOHN WADKIN

I wrote to you a few days ago acquainting you with the death of Charles Gough, but believing that, if you were to be the Bearer of the news to his Mother, she would insist upon seeing the Letter which brought it—I abstained from mentioning those particulars which I now send you for your private information. A shepherd going upon the mountains a few mornings ago found under the great Rock of Helvellyn, 3000 feet high in the Air, a little Dog which barked, and going further a Coat, Stockings and human Bones. He ran to the Valley below and gave the Information. Many persons went up to the Place in consequence, and discovered the same, but there was no Flesh, and only a few Bones. At a little distance was found some fishing Tackle, then a Pocket-Book, then a Watch, then a little Lock of Hair, no Head however was found on that day—then a Hat. The Hat had been severed in two, by the sharp Stones of the

Rocks directly across the right Temple. This led to a supposition that the deceased had fallen from the Top of the Rock which was hanging over the Bones, about 100 feet high. The Searchers went to the Top with great difficulty and some Danger, where they perceived a stick and Great Coat.

It was now evident that the deceased, whoever he was, had been killed by falling from the Top and that he must have died instantly and *without Pain*, not only from the Height, but from the Sharpness of the Rocks below, and the Cut of the Hat across the Temples.

The Jury, who afterwards sat upon the Body, or rather the Bones, gave in their verdict accordingly "Killed by falling from the Rock."

When the Bones etc. had been brought to Patterdale, the village below, I happened to be there, and examined his Pocket Book in which I found copies of some Epitaphs in a Country Churchyard, some Bills paid at Inns, and a copy of Disownment at Hardshaw (?) m. meeting.[1] Finding here the names of John Cockbain and others whom I knew, and that the disowned person was Charles Gough, I knew I had sufficient marks by which I could make him out, and when I went for this purpose to Penrith, to Michael Remington's wife,

[1] (Footnote in pencil.) For something connected with the army.

I found that Charles Gough was the name of the deceased, not only from the colour of his hair, but from the Size and Colour of his little Dog.

On making further inquiries and on mentioning his name, I found that he was well known to the Inhabitants of these Parts as a young man, fond of Fishing, and by speaking to John Harrison, who is a Guide to the mountains, I found y^{t} he had met him, so long ago, as the 17th day of last April, in Gowbray Park, just coming into the Country. John Harrison said to him "I am glad to see you M^{r}. Gough. But how came you to be here so early. The Snow is not yet gone from the mountains. You can get no fish for three weeks to come. You are the first Fisherman here this season." Charles Gough replied "I believe I am a little too soon, but I have prepared lodgings in the neighbourhood and I will take my chance." Charles Gough then left him and went to Patterdale, and took Refreshment at the Inn. This might be about 12 at noon, and then went upon Helvellyn to fish, from whence he never returned, having been killed on that Day, since which his Body has lain upon those heights until they have become Bones.

During all this time his Bitch faithfully attended him. She pupped a puppy close by his side, which was found dead and rotten, so that its Head came off when touching it. The colour of the Bitch has

been somewhat altered by living three months in such a cold atmosphere.

I may remark of the deceased, that he was considered a very venturesome person. The Shepherds, and others here who knew him well, being often alarmed about him. When at Penrith, after having consulted Michael Remington and others, I sent orders to Patterdale for a coffin to be made, and the few Bones that were found to be deposited in it, and that two men should go upon Helvellyn and find the skull if possible.

This they accordingly did, and succeeded. They were all deposited in the coffin about three days ago, and were carried to the Tyrril Meeting House yard, 14 miles from Patterdale, on Thursday morning, (yesterday) where they were to arrive at ½ after 9 in the morning and where they were to be interred before the meeting for worship on that Day.

On going to Patterdale to settle many things about the Funeral and to take care of everything that was found that they might be forwarded to his relations, I found his Uncle Wm. Braithwaite there. This took from me all farther anxiety & care about the Business, and every Direction having been given that was proper, I went with Wm. Braithwaite in his chaise, from Patterdale to Ambleside, he taking with him in the carriage the faithful

Bitch, who had been so long near his Clothes and his Bones.

I cannot close this letter, without remarking again (—) Deceased could never have suffered any pain. When I met — — misfortune — — Blow was so severe that had it pleased Providence — I had died, I certainly should never have known what it was to have gone out of Life. But how little must he have known of Pain in falling from such a Height and upon such sharp Precipices or Rocks below. It is clear also that he never lingered by having his Bones broken and by being therefrom unable to stir, for no Bone was broken, nor Head fractured as I had led you to imagine in my last. It was clearly the Stroke on the (Temple?) which cut his Hat in two that deprived him of Life.

I think this will be some Consolation to his Parent. I am sorry y^{t} I have not had time to write a better Letter.

My kind remembrances to your wife, J. Petley, and wife,

Yrs truly

THOMAS CLARKSON.

(Addressed)
Mess$^{rs.}$ Wadkin and Petley
Bottom of ( ) ing Field
Manchester.

AT THE SIGN OF THE NAG'S HEAD

At the first raising of the level of Thirlmere there was considerable fear of the possible removal of the Nag's Head Inn, Wytheburn, which in olden time was called the Horse-head. For a century or more it had offered hospitality to the many tourists passing between Windermere and Keswick, and to those who either ascended Helvellyn from this place or crossing from Patterdale descended upon it to catch the coaches north and south.

Again the level of the lake has been raised, and again rumour had it that the Manchester Corporation intended to remove this pleasant wayside hostel. That the Manchester authorities were wise in deciding to raise the level is quite clear from the fact that during the drought of last year, 1915, the lake had shrunk to two-thirds of its usual size, and had left bare the ancient road and bridge that used to lead from the Cherry Tree across to the 'city' of Wytheburn, but there was little less than consternation in the dale to think that, as a necessary part of the raising of the

water level, this house of call must be swept away.

Correspondence with the Chairman of the Water Works Committee at Manchester proved that this Committee was quite alive to all the holiday associations with this famous hostelry, and that every endeavour would be made to arrange matters in such a way as to prevent any sewage passing to the waters of the lake, and so to allow of its remaining to be a joy forever. But if such arrangements were impossible, it was evident that rather than contaminate its mountain cup of crystal clear, Manchester must inexorably close this old inn, and it may be well therefore to put on record something of its history.

When the Horse-head came into existence we cannot say. At the beginning of last century the old house of call for travellers by the high road to Thirlmere was called 'The Cherry Tree,' and when Wordsworth wrote his poem, 'The Waggoner,' in 1805, which he published in 1819, with a dedication to Charles Lamb, it was clear that the natural thing for the Waggoner to do on that day of bitter storm referred to in the poem, was to pull up about threequarters of a mile beyond what Wordsworth describes as

> Wytheburn's modest House of prayer
> As lowly as the lowliest dwelling

and join the company assembled at the 'Cherry Tree' for the 'Merry Night.'

We gather from Wordsworth's poem that there was not only an 'inside salutation' at that little inn, but an 'outside proclamation' also, which ran as follows:

> Blythe souls and lightsome hearts have we,
> Feasting at the Cherry Tree.

Such a sign would be in keeping with the poetic effusions much in vogue at public-houses in the country at that date, and readers will remember that at the King's Head at Thirlspot at that same time the following quatrain was inscribed above the door:

> John Standley lives here
> And sells good ale,
> Come in and drink
> Before it grows stale.
> John succeeded his uncle Peter
> In't old man's time it was never better.

The fact that Wordsworth, who was a very accurate observer, locates the Merry Night at the Cherry Tree, shows at any rate that it was a popular inn for the dalesmen, but I think it is certain that some time before this date a second public-house, the 'Horse-head,' had been built

opposite the church, not only for the convenience of the Sunday ordinary, but for the convenience of those who, encouraged by Gray the poet, made the tour of the Lakes, and found Wytheburn a convenient place for beginning the climb up Helvellyn, or for rest after descent from the heights.

It is true that when Gray the poet, on a certain gloomy Sunday morning, October 8th, 1769, passed by the little chapel of 'Wyborn,' out of which a Sunday congregation was issuing, he says nothing of the 'Horse-head,' as it was then called; but Clarke, writing his 'Survey of the Lakes' five years later, stopped near the chapel in a thunder shower, which must have been a very heavy one, for it turned the clear stream of water, which crosses the road by the churchyard, in an instant "to almost a perfect red;" and he tells us that the stream was so swollen that it "threatened to take away the house both of God and the Devil, namely, the church and the alehouse close by."

Further, when Budworth wrote his 'Ramble at the Lakes' in 1790, where, he tells us, he came down from Helvellyn, under the guidance of Robin Partridge, for his second breakfast, he appears to have made straight not for the Horse-head, but for the Cherry Tree, where they gave him "a breakfast fit for labouring men. We had mutton-

ham, eggs, buttermilk, whey, tea, bread and butter, and they asked us if we wished to have any cheese, all for sevenpence apiece. Two grandmothers," he continues, "were in the kitchen. One of the old women was between eighty and ninety, and said she had seen sixteen landlords out in a house that used to oppose them."

When I was making inquiries about Gough and his dog in the dale, it was remembered that Charles Gough, "mostly what in a general way stayed at Cherry Tree wid t' owd chap as was afore Mark Allison, and went ower to Patterdale for a spell, and wad cum back to Wyburn ye knaw, but nivver a word of warning. It was cum and go wid him, and t' fwokes at Patterdale thowt he wad be ower at Wyburn, and fwokes i Wyburn thowt he was still in Patterdale, and nivver nea search nor nowt." This suggests the idea that if there were rivalry between them, the Cherry Tree was holding its own.

I cannot help thinking that the inn in question, called the 'Nag's Head,' was what is known as the Nag's Head now, opposite the church. It is clear from Dorothy Wordsworth's 'Journal' that, during the sojourn of John Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, before his last and fatal voyage in the 'Abergavenny' in 1805, when he and his brother and friends came to Thirlmere, as they often did,

for fishing, the 'Horse-head' would be the most convenient house of call for them, but it is uncertain whether they called there or at the 'Cherry Tree.'

More than thirty years ago I was told that the original sign of the Horse-head Inn had been painted by Romney. Of course this is possible, for young Romney was an apprentice in his early days to a sign-painter at Kendal. But the landlord of the famous Swan at Grasmere had painted his own sign, roughly enough no doubt, but forcibly, and he may well have been invited to add glory to his painter's crown by trying his hand at the Horse-head.

It is more than probable that originally the house was used by the dalesmen who came to service at Wytheburn chapel to put their nags up and stay to Sunday dinner with the parson in preparation for the afternoon service. There are other such church houses-of-call in the diocese still extant. Torver is an example.

Old Joe Birkett, the sexton of Crosthwaite, whose forebears at Wytheburn lived in the little house that was submerged when the level of the lake was raised, used to say that Sir Richard le Fleming always took his Sunday dinner at the Horse-head, and many a time, according to Joe, "was stiddyed up t' aisle, and Sir Richard used to

saay, 'Noo thoo mun mind and deu as Ah saay, and nut as Ah deu.' Whilst Betty Birkett had telt him that she waddn't saay but what Sir Richard slanted whiles at weddins, but at burying a corp he was undeniable."

There is a quaint story told of the Wytheburn clerk, who was found astraddle on the roof ridge of the chapel on a certain Sunday morning ringing the bell with his hands, and when asked to account for this new departure in bell-ringing, cried out that one of the farmers had "brokken t' cart reap, and had borrowed bell-reap to git his hay in wid. But," said he, "Ah'll give it anuther clap and I'se be wid yeh in a minnit."

Parson W. Sewell of Troutbeck had once an unhappy experience owing to the dilapidated condition of the pulpit in this little chapel. The pulpit leaned a little from the wall, and left an opening behind it. He had laid his sermon on the ledge, and then accidentally displaced it with his surplice, when it fell down the chink, where he could not reach it. After vainly trying to recover the sermon, he said to his congregation: "Sarmint's slipt doun in t' neuk, and Ah can't git it oot, but tell ye what—I'll read yeh a chapter oot o t' Bible that's wurth three on 't."

Clarke tells us that this little "Wyborn chapel was a very poor low building and not consecrated.

Their burying place is Crosthwaite." What he meant was that there had been no consecration of the churchyard there. The dale chapel itself was probably founded in the fourteenth century, and was one of the five chapels-of-ease to the mother Church of St. Kentigern's Crosthwaite. The dale reader had a stipend of £2 10s., which was certified to the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty in 1739 at £3 6s. 4d. He had also 'sark,' 'whittlegate' and 'goosegate.' 'Sark' meant one new suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes, one pair of clogs, shirts and stockings for the year; and 'whittlegate' two or three weeks' victuals at each house, according to the ability of the inhabitants, and as they settled among themselves. The reader was often obliged to buy his own knife and fork, though these were sometimes supplied by the chapel-wardens. He went from house to house, and to him was always allotted as a kind of right, the elbow chair at the head of the table. 'Goosegate' meant, of course, the right to keep geese on the common.

In 1742 and the following years the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty twice gave augmentations of £200 by lot to the chapelry of Wytheburn, and in 1772 another augmentation was made by the Dowager Countess Gower, so that Nicholson and Burn in their 'History of Antiquities,' published in 1777, tell us that that time the yearly

value of the chapelry was £37. "The very poor low building," which Clarke speaks of, was both picturesque and entirely suited to its surroundings, and though later days have added a chancel apse and a new bell turret, it has, from an artist's point of view, gained little or nothing. Humble as it was, the little chapel in its pristine simplicity won immortality at the hands of Hartley Coleridge. Many a time did Hartley Coleridge make the Horse-head his house of call, and on one of those memorable occasions he wrote the poem 'Wytheburn Chapel and Hotel,' from which it is quite clear that the Horse-head sign was in his day an ancient sign, and that the chapel door was not open, as it doubtless used to be in pre-Reformation times, for people to go in and pray. That invitation, whether accepted or not, is now always given under the existing régime of the Wytheburn vicar, whose loving care for the little sacred edifice is clear to all who pass by. The words are as follows:

Here, traveller, pause and think, and duly think,
What happy, holy thoughts may heavenward rise,
Whilst thou and thy good steed together drink,
Beneath this little portion of the skies.

See! on one side a humble house of prayer,
Where Silence dwells, a maid immaculate,
Save when the Sabbath and the priest are there,
And some hungry souls for manna wait.

Humble it is, and meek, and very low,
And speaks its purpose by a single bell:
But God Himself, and He alone can know
If spiry temples please Him half so well.

Then see the world, the world in its best guise,
Inviting thee its bounties to partake;
Dear is the Sign's old time-discoloured dyes,
To weary trudger by the long bleak lake.

And pity 'tis that other studded door,
That looks so rusty right across the way,
Stands not always as was the use of yore,
That whoso passes may step in and pray.

It was at the Horse-head that Christopher North made horseplay on a certain occasion when, as Hartley Coleridge tells us, Wilson of Elleray had come to the public-house with his sporting friends. They were just sitting down to table when he took his neighbour's gun and fired up the chimney, with the result that all leapt to their feet, and when the smother had cleared away the whole room was black with soot; but Christopher North was so merry over this practical joke that the company were obliged perforce to forgive him.

In 1818 the poet Keats passed this way, and though mists prevented his climbing Helvellyn, he rested here the night, and went on in the early morning to breakfast at Keswick. He had with him as fellow-traveller the merchant Brown. They

had journeyed to Liverpool with Keats' newly-married brother George and his wife, and after saying farewell to bride and bridegroom, came on by coach to Lancaster, and then, with knapsack on back—which said knapsack bore, amongst other things, the manuscript of 'Isabella and the Pot of Basil,' and three little volumes of Dante—they pushed through the Lake Country to Scotland. Writing to his sister Fanny from Dumfries in July, he sent this song about himself :

There was a naughty Boy
A naughty boy was he
He would not stop at home
He could not quiet be—
He took
In his Knapsack
A Book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap—
A hair brush
Comb ditto,
New Stockings
For old ones
Would split O !
This Knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivetted close

And followed his Nose
To the North
To the North
And follow'd his nose
To the North.

In the letter in which he encloses this rhyme he tells his sister that he is writing to her because his Knapsack has worn his coat in the seams, and has gone to the Taylor's. "We set off from Lancaster on foot, with our Knapsacks on, and have walked a little zig zag through the mountains and lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We have been taken for travelling Jewellers, Razor sellers and Spectacle vendors because friend Brown wears a pair. The first place we stopped at contained one Richard Bradshaw, a notorious tippler. He stood in the shape of a double three and balanced himself as well as he could, saying with his nose right in Mr. Brown's face, 'Do- yo-u sell spect-ta-cles?'... We are generally up about five walking before breakfast and we complete our twenty miles before dinner" (mid-day).

We know from Lord Houghton, who annotated Keats' letters, that it was at a turn of the road above Bowness, where the lake of Windermere first bursts upon the view, that he stopped as if stupified with beauty, and that evening, probably at Bowness, he read aloud the poem of the 'Pot of Basil,' which

he had just completed. We know too how disappointed he was at missing Wordsworth when he called upon him. Wordsworth was away at a general election, and Keats was vexed. He knew that Wordsworth was on the other side in the matter of politics. We know also how Keats, who had in the previous January arrived at the conclusion that 'The Excursion' was one of the "three things to rejoice at in this age," evidently had the poem either in his knapsack or in memory, and delighted to make out

That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag

who "ready with her cavern," had echoed back the laughter of Joanna.

His letter addressed to his brother Tom, dated Keswick, June 29th, gives a good idea of the walking capacity of himself and his friend. "My dear Tom," he says, "I cannot make my journal as distinct and actual as I could wish, from having been engaged in writing to George, and therefore I must tell you without circumstance that we proceeded from Ambleside to Rydal, saw the waterfalls there, and called on Wordsworth, who was not at home, nor was any one of his family. I wrote a note and left it on the mantel-piece. Thence on we came to the foot of Helvellyn, where we slept, but could not ascend it for the mist. I must mention that

from Rydal we passed Thirlswater, and a fine pass in the Mountains—from Helvellyn we came to Keswick on Derwent Water. The approach to Derwent Water surpassed Windermere—it is richly wooded, and shut in with rich-toned Mountains. From Helvellyn to Keswick was eight miles to breakfast, after which we took a complete circuit of the lake, going about ten miles, and seeing on our way the fall of Lowdore. I had an easy climb among the streams, about the fragments of Rocks, and should have got I think to the summit, but unfortunately I was damped by slipping one leg into a squashy hole. There is no great body of water, but the accompaniment is delightful: for it oozes out from a cleft in perpendicular Rocks, all fledged with ash and other beautiful trees. It is a strange thing how they got there. At the south end of the Lake the Mountains of Borrowdale are perhaps as fine as anything we have seen. On our return from this circuit, we ordered dinner, and set forth about a mile and a half on the Penrith road, to see the Druid temple. We had to fag up hill, rather too near dinner-time, which was rendered void by the gratification of seeing those aged stones on a gentle rise in the midst of the Mountains, which at that time darkened all around, except at the fresh opening of the Vale of St. John. We went to bed rather fatigued, but not so much

so as to hinder us getting up this morning to mount Skiddaw. It promised all along to be fair, and we had fagged and tugged nearly to the top, when, at half-past six, there came a Mist upon us, and shut out the view. We did not, however, lose anything by it: we were high enough without mist to see the coast of Scotland—the Irish Sea—the hills beyond Lancaster—and nearly all the large ones of Cumberland and Westmoreland, particularly Helvellyn and Scawfell. It grew colder and colder as we ascended, and we were glad, at about three parts of the way, to taste a little rum which the Guide brought with him, mixed mind you with Mountain water. I took two glasses going and one returning. It is about six miles from where I am writing to the top. We went up with two others, very good sort of fellows. All felt, on arising into the cold air, that same elevation which a cold bath gives one—I felt as if I were going to a Tournament....

"July 1st. We are this morning at Carlisle. After Skiddaw, we walked to Ireby, the oldest market town in Cumberland, where we were greatly amused by a country dancing-school holden at the Tun, it was indeed 'no new cotillion fresh from France.' No they kickit, and jumpit with mettle extraordinary, and whiskit, and friskit, and toed it, and go'd it, and twirl'd it, and whirl'd it, and

stamped it, and sweated it, tattooing the floor like mad. The difference between our country dances and these Scottish figures is about the same as leisurely stirring a cup o' Tea and beating up a batter-pudding. I was extremely gratified to think that, if I had pleasures they knew nothing of, they had also some into which I could not possibly enter. I hope I shall not return without having got the Highland fling. There was as fine a row of boys and girls as you ever saw; some beautiful faces, and one exquisite mouth. I never felt so near the glory of Patriotism, the glory of making by any means a country happier. This is what I like better than scenery. I fear our continued moving from place to place will prevent our becoming learned in village affairs: we are mere creatures of Rivers, Lakes and Mountains. Our yesterday's journey was from Ireby to Wigton, and from Wigton to Carlisle. The Cathedral does not appear very fine —the Castle is very ancient, and of brick. The City is very various—old, white-washed narrow streets—broad red-brick ones more modern—I will tell you anon whether the inside of the cathedral is worth looking at. It is built of sandy red stone or brick. We have now walked 114 miles, and are merely a little tired in the thighs and a little blistered."

THE NAG'S HEAD, WYTHEBURN.

Those who stop at the Nag's Head will be glad to call up to mind so interesting an association with the place as the visit of young Keats with his fellow-traveller Brown, and if they desire a picture of Keats as he appeared then, twenty-three years old, they cannot do better than remember how he was described when he appeared the year before at Hazlitt's lecture. "His eyes," says the narrator, "were large and blue, his hair auburn. He wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face. His mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness. It had the expression, as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but was more like some woman's face I have seen. It was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin."

He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him. I expect those blue eyes of his were more blue and more full of expression that day he stopped at the Horse-head, for he could certainly not have forgotten the view of Windermere above Bowness, or of the wonder of the way from Windermere to Wytheburn. But he had within him the seeds of death for all his apparent health and strength, and in less

than three years from the time he passed through the Lake District he died. On February 27th, 1821, he passed away, at Rome.

Ruskin came along this road in 1831. Whether he called or not at the Horse-head I do not know, but his accuracy of observation may be seen in his boyish poem 'The Iteriad.' When William Hutchinson was describing this same vale and the lake, which he called Lays-water, and which really was Leathes-water, though it was sometimes spoken of as Wytheburn-water and sometimes as Brack-water, he says: "The rain which had fallen the day before improved the beauties of the place. The cascades were ennobled, and their figures were various. Where some of them came from the very brows of the hills they appeared as strings of silver." Ruskin in his 'Iteriad' writes of them thus, as he descends upon Thirlmere from the Raise:

> First the giant Helvellyn arose on the right,—
> Helvellyn, Helvellyn—that mountain of might!
> Peaked rocks over dark, gloomy gorges impending.—
> And the torrent down every ravine was descending.
> Cloud-born, o'er the precipice stern they did break,
> And, tumultuously foaming, were lost in the lake;
> Appearing as brightly they dashed from on high,
> Like threads of pure silver which hung from the sky.

In July, 1833, Matthew Arnold, then a boy of eleven and a half, accompanied his father and his

elder sister and a friend of his father's to Wytheburn, and after halting at the Nag's Head, started off upon a memorable walk to Watendlath and Keswick and the sea-coast, which walk he repeated ten years afterwards with his sister, Mrs. W. E. Forster, and described it in his poem entitled 'Resignation.'

The description of this walk is so careful and accurate that it is well worth quoting, and though one or two of its lines are inscribed on the grey commemorative stone just beyond the churchyard wall by the path that leads to Helvellyn, it is well to give the passage *in extenso* :

> We left, just ten years since, you say,
> That wayside inn we left to-day.
> Our jovial host, as forth we fare,
> Shouts greeting from his easy chair ;
> High on a bank our leader stands,
> Reviews and ranks his motley bands,
> Makes clear our goal to every eye—
> The valley's western boundary.
> A gate swings to ! our tide hath flow'd
> Already from the silent road !
> The valley-pastures, one by one,
> Are threaded, quiet in the sun ;
> And now beyond the rude stone bridge
> Slopes gracious up the western ridge.
> Its woody border, and the last
> Of its dark upland farms is past ;

Cool farms, with open-lying stores,
Under their burnish'd sycamores—
All past! and through the trees we glide
Emerging on the green hill-side.
There climbing hangs, a far-seen sign,
Our wavering, many-colour'd line;
There winds, upstreaming slowly still
Over the summit of the hill.
And now, in front, behold outspread
Those upper regions we must tread!
Mild hollows, and clear heathy swells,
The cheerful silence of the fells.
Some two hours' march, with serious air,
Through the deep noontide heats we fare;
The red-grouse, springing at our sound,
Skims, now and then, the shining ground;
No life, save his and ours, intrudes
Upon these breathless solitudes.
O joy! again the farms appear!
Cool shade is there, and rustic cheer;
There springs the brook will guide us down,
Bright comrade, to the noisy town.
Lingering, we follow down! we gain
The town, the highway, and the plain.
And many a mile of dusty way,
Parch'd and road-worn, we made that day;
But, Fausta! I remember well
That as the balmy darkness fell
We bathed our hands with speechless glee,
That night, in the wide-glimmering sea.
Once more we tread this self-same road,
Fausta! which ten years since we trod;

Alone we tread it, you and I,
Ghosts of that boisterous company.
Here, where the brook shines, near its head,
In its clear, shallow, turf-fringed bed ;
Here, whence the eye first sees, far down,
Capp'd with faint smoke, the noisy town ;
Here sit we, and again unroll,
Though slowly, the familiar whole !

By the date of that walk in 1843, which will ever be sacred to the memory of Matthew Arnold, the old name of the Horse-head had probably disappeared. In 1819, when Green published his new 'Guide to the Lakes,' it was still called the Horse-head, but in later 'Guides' of the thirties, notably in Miss Martineau's 'Guide,' it is described as the Nag's Head.

Nag's Head, or Horse-head, long may the coaches pull up here! Long may they deposit their happy holiday loads on the top of the grey church wall, and long may the memories of their visit to the chapel, and their comforting cup of tea in the little hostelry across the way, remain to cheer them with the recollection of a spot so associated with the lives of thinkers and poets.

Note. Since this was written I hear that the Manchester Corporation have determined to allow the Nag's Head to stand as a house of call.

CROSSING THE SANDS

TWELVE MILES BAREFOOT

That Wordsworth knew the beauty of the approach to the Lake Country by way of the sands is quite clear, for in his 'Guide to the Lake District,' when speaking of the lake of Coniston, he says: "It may be conveniently visited from Ambleside, but is seen to most advantage by entering the country over the sands from Lancaster. The stranger, from the moment he sets his foot on those sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him, and, crossing the majestic plain whence the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and towards whose recesses by the vale of Coniston he is gradually and peacefully led."

Readers of 'The Prelude' will remember with what enthusiasm he speaks of the sandy shores of the estuaries of the Lancashire and Cumberland coast, and how the soul of nature spoke to him

when lighted by the gleams of moonlight from the sea, he "beat with thundering hoofs the level sand." Nor will they forget the description in the tenth book of the poem of that day which deserved 'a separate record' when as he writes,

> Over the smooth sands
> Of Leven's ample estuary lay
> My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
> With distant prospect among gleams of sky
> And clouds and intermingling mountain tops,
> In one inseparable glory clad,
> Creatures of one ethereal substance met
> In consistory, like a diadem
> Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
> In the empyrean.

On that day he had with some of his schoolfellows on horseback journeyed from Hawkshead and crossed the Ulverston sands to visit the grave at Cartmel of his old Hawkshead master, William Taylor, who first turned his attention to the art of poetry by encouraging him to write a poem as a school task, and upon whose tombstone were engraved the lines of Gray:

> His merits, stranger, seek not to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

As he returned and was nearing Chapel-holme he

met a crowd of vehicles, travellers, horse and foot, and heard from the foremost of the band that Robespierre was dead. The passage is worth quoting:

> As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
> Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
> And rocky island near, a fragment stood,
> (Itself like a sea rock) the low remains
> (With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)
> Of a dilapidated structure, once
> A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
> Said matins at the hour that suited those
> Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide.
> Not far from that still ruin all the plain
> Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
> Of vehicles, and travellers, horse and foot,
> Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
> In loose procession through the shallow stream
> Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
> Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused
> Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
> And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
> As he approached, no salutation given
> In the familiar language of the day,
> Cried, 'Robespierre is dead!' nor was a doubt,
> After strict question, left within my mind
> That he and his supporters all were fallen.

It was not likely that Wordsworth would forget that day when, with his schoolboy friends, he not

only visited his master's grave at Cartmel but spurred from the vale

> Of nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,

and hastened back to his distant home

> Along the margin of the moonlight sea,—

for the death of Robespierre touched him deeply. He knew that earth might now "march firmly towards righteousness and peace," and he tells us:

> Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
> To everlasting Justice, by this fiat
> Made manifest. 'Come now, ye golden times,'
> Said I, forth-pouring on those open sands
> A hymn of triumph.

We know the approximate date of this journey across the sands, for Robespierre was guillotined on the 28th July, 1794, and Wordsworth probably went across the Ulverston sands in the first week of August of the same year. He has left behind him no record of crossing the sands from Lancaster to Kents Bank, but he knew enough from his journey across the Ulverston estuary to realize the magnificent beauty of such an approach to our lakeland hills, and years after, when Mrs. Hemans came to visit him at Rydal in the spring of 1830, he told her that he admired her exploit in crossing the Ulverston sands not only as a deed of 'derring-do,' but as a decided proof of taste. "The lake

scenery," he said, "was never seen to such advantage as after the passage of what he called its majestic barrier."

Wordsworth was not the first poet who recognized the beauty of Morecambe Bay when the tide was out, for Gray on October 11th, 1769, visited the village of Poulton, now Morecambe, and described a moving story told him by an old fisherman mending his nets of the fatal accident that had happened to a brother cockler who had set out with his two daughters in his cart, and his wife on horseback following, to cross the seven mile sands to Kents Bank, who lost his way in the fog, and leaving his cart to seek some landmark never returned to it. The mother, forlorn and amazed, refused to quit the spot in her anxiety for his return, and at last, giving her horse the rein turned for home, but too late. She was washed from her horse and perished; and the daughters, clinging to their cart, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, were brought back to land by their faithful pony more dead than alive.

The terror of the sands has been much exaggerated, owing partly to the fact that every case of loss of life has been recorded and constantly spoken of by guide-writers, and though it is true that in most of the parish registers, notably in the Cartmel parish register, there is evidence of the toll of life

that the sands have taken, there can be no question that, with ordinary precaution and consultation with the local guides, the journey from Hest Bank to Kents Bank or across the Ulverston estuary in fine weather is as safe as it is enjoyable.

With regard to Cartmel parish registers, the following extract from those that have been published show that the sands were once much more used than they are now for passengers, and that those who ventured without a guide ran great risks, as they still would run if they attempted the passage without a guide:

"One young man wch was drouned in the brodwaters 12 Sept. 1576." There is something very pathetic about the next entry: "One little mann Rownd-faced wch was drouned at Grainge 24 Sept. 1577." "Henry Inglish being drouned on Furnes Sand 9 Sept. 1597." "George Mackereth drouned upon Kent Sand 19th 20th Sept. 1578." "Richard Beeslaye beinge drouned upon Kent sands 22 Oct. 1598." "John Parke sone of John of the prishe of Dalton was drowned upon Kent sands 25 Julie, 1603." "Anne Hawkes of Warton drowned on Cartmell sands, 3 Dec. 1606." "Elizabeth the wife of Geo. Rigg pin was drowned upon the sands beyonde Winder 28 Feb. 1606." 2, 1607; 2, 1608; 1, 1609; 2, 1610; 2, 1611; 2, 1612; 1, 1617.

It is true that from the time when the Cistercian monks of Furness Abbey obtained their charter to erect a chapel on Chapel-Holme in the nineteenth year of Edward II. and furnished guides to the estuary, or from the date when the priory of Cartmel undertook the same important office over the Morecambe and Cartmel sands, and had synodals and Peter's pence allowed for the maintenance of the guide, up till 1857, when the Furness railway was opened, it was the easiest, as it was the commonest, way for passage from Lancaster to Ulverston. We find West, the author of the 'Antiquities of Furness,' who lived in Ulverston, writing in 1774 recommending the route, and saying that "on a fine day there is not a more pleasant seaside ride in the kingdom;" and he adds in a note, "with the proper guides the crossing of the sands in summer is thought a journey of little more danger than any other."

The fact is that most of the accidents on record have taken place as the result of carelessness or plain disobedience to the advice of the guides, and though it is true that the daily coach which was started between Ulverston and Lancaster at the end of the eighteenth century was discontinued somewhere about 1834 for a short time, we know that it was running again after 1850.

On the 11th September, 1781, the follow-

ing advertisement appeared in the *Cumberland Pacquet*, as quoted in the 'North Lonsdale Magazine' by John Fell of Flan How: "A Diligence or Chase, which will carry three persons conveniently, will set out from Mr. Stanley Turner's the Sun Inn, Lancaster, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, as the tide will permit, to Ulverston, over the sands, which is the nearest and most direct road to Whitehaven. And the same diligence will return to Lancaster from Henry Addison's, the Kings Arms, in Ulverston, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Each passenger to pay Five Shillings on taking a place for Ulverston or Lancaster.

"The proprietors assure the public that they have procured a sober and careful driver, who is well acquainted with the sands, and humbly hope that their plan will meet with due encouragement, as this is the most cheap, safe, and expeditious method of crossing the sands to and from Ulverston."

As a matter of fact the journey saved fifteen miles; for from Lancaster to Ulverston by Newby Bridge was thirty-six miles, and by the sands it was only twenty-one. Baines, who wrote his 'Guide to the Lakes' in 1828, tells us that since his journey over the sands the proprietors of the coach had taken it off, as the sands had become

increasingly dangerous. For a certain Mr. Rigg, the first vicar of Grange, very nearly lost his life in the oversands coach when returning from Manchester to take up his incumbency with certain title deeds in his valise. Miss Taylor, the historian of Grange, tells us "that the coach sank in a quicksand and was rapidly settling down. The traces were cut, the horses taken out, and the passengers got safely out of the sinking vehicle when the coachman suddenly remembered there was one inside. The old gentleman was entirely oblivious of all that was going on, and being very delicate he had shut up all the windows and muffled himself with so many rugs that he was only extricated with much difficulty through the window, the doors being deep in the sand. The coach after many months in the sand was finally washed up beside Holme Island near Grange having been gradually sucked along for four or five miles distance. Mr. Rigg's valise was recovered from the coach with the deeds and parchments therein scarcely legible but sufficiently so to prove his rights of ownership."

It is on record also that a party of the Cavendish family had a narrow escape of losing their horses in the Christmas holidays of 1883. Lord Richard Cavendish, who has a very vivid recollection of the occasion, writes, "My father, two brothers,

and a cousin, Gerald Lascelles and myself were riding on the sands, and four of us had crossed the stream, Cark beck, which comes out on the sands between Ulverston and Flookburgh close to the railway. My younger brother's pony refused to cross. The other four waited for him on the far side. The stream had lately changed its course, and we were standing on the old bit which is always 'quick.' My brother called out to us to hurry on, but though we had only delayed a minute it was too late. Two of the horses were already fast and quickly sank up to their necks. We were luckily close to the shore, and within half an hour we had any amount of assistance. I do not think we were ever in any real danger, but it was touch and go whether we ever got the horses out. My cousin was up to the waist trying to keep the horses' mouths and nostrils free from sand. The men from the farm close by brought straw and planks and ropes and managed after a great struggle to get the horses out."

It is clear that later in the century the coach road across the sands was re-established, and was only discontinued after the building of the railway, latterly two coaches ran daily, one from Ulverston and one from Lancaster, and cattle were constantly driven across them.

I said that disobedience to the advice of the

guides and neglect of ordinary precautions were generally the reason of accidents on the sands. Thus in 1846 nine young people, men and women, returning to Cartmel from the Whitsuntide fair at Ulverston, were drowned by going off the track into a quicksand, and the father of the present guide told me that he remembered a mishap which took place in 1857, when seven young men started from Kents Bank to Lancaster to attend a hiring fair, and were drowned just before they reached the Keer, but he expressed his belief that it was entirely owing to their own folly and drink.

The quicksands are not now so frequent as they were, for the schooners that used to bring salt and coal to Grange and Milnthorpe, or hematite ore to the various 'blumaries' in the neighbourhood of Backbarrow have ceased ; they really were largely responsible for the causing of these deadly quicksand holes, for coming in with the tide and settling on to the sands, their keels scooped out a hole, which was enlarged by their swaying hither and thither at the flow and ebb of the tide. When, having discharged their cargoes, they floated off on their return voyage, the hole they had made in the solid sand was at once filled with loose sand and water, and no evidence was given by the appearance of the sands at next tide where this dangerous trap for the unwary lay.

With a guide to take one through the fords of the Keer and Kent, given a clear day and an absence of rain, which otherwise would make the fords impassable, no one need fear the crossing of the sands, if he will carefully follow the guide's direction, and leaving Hest Bank at the time told him, will make straight for Grange, on the opposite shore.

The history of the institution of guides to the sands is an ancient one. We hear of a certain Tempest being guide to the sands in the time of King John. It appears from an article by John Fell of Flan How, Ulverston, in the 'North Lonsdale Magazine' of December, 1898, that the monks of Conishead Priory, one of the old leper monasteries, undertook the duty of providing guides over the Leven sands, and of "holding a service at a convenient hour for such as crossed the sands" in the chapel on Chapel Island, about three-quarters of a mile to the east of Conishead priory, whilst the monks of Cartmel undertook the duty of guidance across the sands of the Kent. The 'Valor Ecclesiasticus,' 1535, confuses the duties attaching to these two priories, but is a record of the fact that at the dissolution of the monasteries in the twenty-ninth year of Henry VIII., the Duchy of Lancaster records grants to John Hartley of Conishead in the county of Lancaster, yeoman,

of the office of keeper, conductor, and governor of the sands near Conyshed aforesaid commonly called the Carter's office, of Levein sands near Conyshed in Furness in the county of Lancaster. They give and grant to the same John for the exercise of the aforesaid office a fee and wage of 10 marks per annum.

It appears that the king had reduced the perquisite of 15 marks to 10, and nothing is said of the 3 acres of land which aforetime were part of his payment. But he still holds these 3 acres, and since July, 1820, a salary of £22 per annum has been paid him from the revenues of the Duchy.

It should be noted that in those old times the guide across the Leven sands was called 'the Carter,' and the guide across the Kent sand was called the 'Keeper of the sands.'

With regard to the office of keeper of Kent sands, the king on January 29th, 1548, grants "to Thomas Hogeson of Kenty's-bancke in Cartmel in the county of Lancashire, yeoman, the office of keeper, conductor and governor of the sands near Cartmel, called Kenty sands with one tenement in Kenty's-bancke in Cartmel, called the Carter-house with 3 closes of land of the same adjoining and with a fee and wage of £5 per annum."

This Cart-house and 3 closes of land are still in the occupation of the Kent sands guide, and in

addition to them he has a small meadow near Allithwaite of 10 acres of enclosed land, and a piece of turbery now exhausted and reclaimed near Meathop Bridge.

It was quite clear that £5 was an insufficient sum for the work done, and he was allowed in old time to sell ale in his house free of excise ; and we are not surprised to find that in 1715 a certain John Carter petitioned for a rise in wage. He says : "That the petitioner is obliged for managing the same employ to keep 2 horses summer and winter, and being necessitated to attend the edy (eddy) 4 miles upon the sands 12 hours in every 24 hours, his horses thereby and by often passing the waters are starved with cold and so often thrown into distempers that thereby and maintaining them is put to a very great charge, and that the petitioner undergoes great hardship by his being exposed to the wet and cold upon the plain (bleak) sands ; and being often wett, and he by seeking out new ffords for variation of the edy, and upon happening of ffogs and mists, is often put in danger of his life." He also states that the Excise Office for two years and upwards have refused to allow him to sell ale exempt from duty. The result of his petition was that his stipend was increased to £12, and in 1820 the Duchy Court increased that amount to £30 on condition that he paid £10 of

it to an assistant at the crossing of the river Keer.

In addition, under the Lancaster and Ulverston Railway Act, a sum of £20 per annum was paid by the Furness Railway Company for the benefit of the Leven sands guide, and the properties and endowments of both guides passed to the Charity Commissioners in 1869, with the Chancellor of the Duchy as official trustee. Later, when Mr. Bright was Chancellor in 1882, the charity was handed over to a local trust to administrate, viz.: John Fell of Lane Gill, Henry Fletcher Rigg of Wood Broughton, and Lord Edward Cavendish of Holker Hall. The trustees to-day are Miles Kennedy of Ulverston, Percy Hibbert of Grange, and Lord Richard Cavendish of Holker. They deal with six messuages, comprising the two houses of the guides, one at Sandside and one at Cart Lane, Kents Bank, and four sums of money, £20 from the Furness Railway for the Levens sands guide; £32 from the Duchy of Lancaster for the Kent sands guide; £22 from the Duchy of Lancaster for the Levens sands guide; and a sum of £90 13s. 10d. in the 3 per cents., representing purchase money produced by sale of portions of the land formerly occupied by the Kent sands guide, with the title of Le Carter or The Carter, which formerly was only used by the Levens sands

guide, probably because he used a cart to carry people across the fords. That title has now passed from the Levens sands to the Kent sands, and 'the carter' is a common term for the Kent sands guide.

How this came to pass is quite clear. When the guide whom Henry VIII. appointed, Thomas Hogeson, died, the office devolved upon a Carter, and for some centuries the office remained in this family down to modern times. In the Cartmel registers we find one Richard Carter who was buried on the 20th March, but it is not till 1644 that we hear of an Edward Carter of Cart Lane being buried on December 14th of that year. In 1716 there is an entry in the baptismal register under date May 10th of George, son of John Carter, who is described as "Ye guide to the sands;" and though this is the first mention of his office, it is reasonable to believe that the other Carters of Cart Lane were also "Ye guides to the sands."

At any rate the word Carter for guides seems to have been the common appellation in the eighteenth century, for in a letter from Sir Thomas Lowther, writing to his agent, Mr. Fletcher, in March of 1728, we read: "Pray tell the Carters both of Lancaster and Furness sands that the pattents for each of their sands are very near passed, and that they need be in no way concerned about receiving

their Lady Day salaries which let them know." And Mr. Fletcher, replying later, says: "I have got the 2 Pattents now in my possession."

It is true that the guides' services, except in summer, are not often required, but they have to hold themselves in readiness all through the year, and since the fords constantly change after storm or heavy flooding of the rivers, they must be out in all weathers to ascertain the fluctuations of the fords.

No guide was ever appointed for the crossing of the sands of the Duddon estuary, but this passage used to be 'brogged' with furze bushes, which were stuck in the sands to show passengers the way. This 'brogging' of the sands is still used both in the Levens and Kent estuary.

John Briggs, the editor of 'Letters from the Lakes,' in 1825 gives the following account of crossing the sands: "After crossing several fine streams we arrived at what the driver called the Channel, a river about ten times as wide as the Ribble. There could not be fewer than forty carts, gigs, horses, chaises, with men, women, children and dogs all in the river at once. A fine model, so my sister observed, to draw the passage of the Red Sea, the waves dashing through the wheels, the horses up to their breasts in water, the vehicles, some driving one way and some another in all

imaginable confusion, carriers swearing, drivers cracking their whips, the women and children screaming, and the apparent impossibility of any of them ever escaping, form altogether such a *coup d'œil* as I had never seen or ever expect to see."

On that occasion Mr. Briggs got a good deal out of the old carter, for in explaining to him the manner in which flukes and cockles were caught on the sands the old man told him that the people employed in this occupation "were generally selected from the blackguards of the blackguards." Yet no quarrels ever took place while they are on the sand. "This arises, he believed, from the opinion carefully handed down from father to son, and firmly believed by all who tend the sands, that if any quarrel should take place amongst the cocklers, the cockles would all leave that place at the very next tide."

He also told them of the battle at Kents Bank. When the news reached Cartmel that the Scots were defeated at Preston, it was confidently believed that they would cross the sands and take to the hills, and thus home through Cumberland. The whole country therefore armed themselves, some with guns and pikes, others with scythes, axes and pitchforks, and assembled by the shore at Kents Bank at a place called Cart Lane. They were led by an old soldier, in whose skill they placed implicit

confidence. When they were drawn up in battle array the commander thought it necessary to instruct his troops in the use of their firearms. At this time the Scots were just entering on the other side of the sand near Lancaster. The firing confounded them, and they concluded that General Wade had posted himself to meet them on their landing. They carefully retraced their steps, and retreated by Burton to Kendal.

It was probably not the first time that a local army had gathered in array against the enemy at Kentside, for, though antiquaries will quarrel about the matter till the day of doom, it is not improbable that Agricola, as his nephew Tacitus tells us, in the twentieth chapter of his 'Life,' when he pushed forward from North Wales in the spring of 79 on his second campaign *aestuaria ac silvas ipse praetentare*, made his way to Cumberland by the sands, and first having learned the art of journeying by the sands in the estuaries of the Dee, the Mersey, and the Ribble, proceeded north by the sands to Cartmel and Ulverston, and up the coast to the Solway Firth. For it is clear that a chain of forts was made by the sea-coast, one of them not improbably Castlehead, near Grange, and that a Roman road was afterwards made connecting the three sands of Morecambe, Ulverston and Broughton, watered by the rivers Kent, Leven, and Duddon.

Again it is pretty certain that the inhabitants of the hut circles at Pit Farm on Hampsfell would come down with their stone axes, their bows and arrows, and clubs to dispute the passage of the Roman soldiers at or near Kents Bank.

For highways there were none in the district, and even as late as the end of the eighteenth century we know the condition of some of our Lake Country roads. From the Hawkshead Church book we learn that "waters did so furiously run down the highways and make such deep holes and ditches in them that at several places neither horse nor foot could pass," and the woods that were very dense, and came down to the shores of the Lancashire and Cumberland estuaries, would make it a *sine qua non* with the Romans where possible to avoid them.

The sands, at any rate, offered a safer road from surprise from the enemy than any other.

On the occasion of Mr. Briggs's passage of the sands he heard a story worth repeating from Carter the guide. An aspirant for the office, hearing the old man was giving up work, came to make enquiry about the post. "I think," said he, "your business must be a dangerous one. Are the guides never lost upon the sands?"

"I never knew any lost," replied the sly old carter, "there are one or two drowned now and

then, but we generally find them again. I do not remember any being lost."

As a matter of fact I have only heard of one being lost, and he was a true hero. Miss Taylor tells us that two gentlemen came to the carter one very wild night, and asked to be guided across. He said it was madness to attempt the sands that night, and he refused to go. The travellers, however, insisted, saying it was a matter of life and death. "Nay, sir," said Carter, "there's like to be mair than one death if ye try to cross to-neet." But they held to their determination of venturing it, and when the guide saw them really start and already far out on the sand, he said: "Well, anyhow I knows t' place better than they does, and I must e'en go help."

He mounted his horse, followed them, and led them safely on. Alas! when returning was overtaken himself by the tide. His horse came back alone, and that was all that was ever seen of the one guide who was faithful unto death.

Readers of Mrs. Gaskell's story 'The Sexton's Hero,' which was probably founded on fact, will know that these sands have been the scenes of other heroic deeds. The old sexton, Knipe, told how a certain Gilbert Dawson, an off-comer, had come as a young carpenter to the village, and how he, the sexton, in his young days had picked a quarrel with

him, and got the laugh of the village against him because he refused to fight, and had eventually won the heart of the girl who was at that time keeping company with Dawson and married her ; how on a day when the sexton and his young bride went off to cross the sands in a cart, Dawson saw their danger and went off to rescue his rival from the pitiless waters with a horse and pillion ; how he obliged them to mount his horse, and saying that he would look after their horse and trap, bade them make for home, and then, unable to cut the traces of the cart, and so swim with the mare ashore, he perished. Two days after his body was washed ashore at Flookburgh ; the shandry and the poor old mare were found half-buried in a heap of sand near Arnside Knott.

As far as could be guessed, the brave rescuer had dropped his knife while trying to cut the traces, and so lost all chance of life. At any rate his knife was found in a cleft of the shaft.

One of the best accounts of crossing the sands on horseback is given us by Baines in his 'Companion to the Lakes,' which was first published in 1829, and became so popular that it passed through three editions within five years. He tells us how in 1828, resolved to escape from the din and smoke of a populous town—Liverpool—he took a horse from Lancaster, and "setting out at the same hour

as the 'over-sands' coach to Ulverston, I arrived at Hest-bank, on the shores of Morecambe-bay, three miles and a half from Lancaster, about five in the afternoon. Here a little caravan was collected, waiting the proper time to cross the trackless sands left bare by the receding tide. I soon saw two persons set out in a gig, and, following them, I found that one of them was the Guide appointed to conduct travellers, and the other a servant, who was driving his master's gig to the Cartmel shore, and was to return with the horse the same evening. He had of course no time to lose, and had begun his journey at the earliest possible hour. We found the sands firm and level, except the slight wrinkles produced by the ripple of the waves, but they were still wet, having only just been left by the sea. The Guide appeared to drive with caution, and in no place went further than a mile from land. We had a good deal of conversation, and I found him intelligent and communicative. His name is Thomas Wilkinson. He is a tall, athletic man, past the middle age, and bears marks of the rough weather he has been exposed to in discharging duties of his post during the winter months. In stormy, and more especially in foggy weather, those duties must be arduous and anxious. It is his business to station himself at the place where the river Keer runs over the sands to the

sea, which is about three miles from Hest-bank, and to show travellers where they may pass with safety. The bed of the river is liable to frequent changes, and a fresh of water after rain may in a very short time convert a fordable place into a quicksand. When we came to the river, he got out of the gig, and waded over to ascertain the firmness of the bottom, the water being about knee-deep. Having escorted us a little further, till we saw the Guide for the Kent at a distance, and having pointed out the line we should keep, he left us to return to his proper post. We gave him, as is usual, a few pence ; for though he is appointed by government, his salary is only £10 a year, and he is of course chiefly dependent on what he receives from travellers.

"These sands are called the Lancaster Sands, and the guide said that they were at present eleven miles over, from Hest-bank to Kent's-bank, but that he had known them when he could pass directly over in not more than seven miles. The tide forms a channel in the sand, where the water remains at the ebb ; and this channel has been gradually coming nearer the shore for some years past, and has obliged persons crossing to take a longer circuit. It was now the spring-tide, and the sands we were travelling upon would at high water be seventeen feet below the surface of the sea.

"The day was exceedingly fine, and the prospects in crossing over the sands were splendid. The whole coast of the bay, from Pile Castle round to the shore beyond Lancaster,—the stern crags of Warton and Arnside-fells on the right,—further eastward, the well-known form of Ingleborough, whose broad head is visible from every considerable hill in Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, and seems to lift itself in serene and unchanging majesty over the neighbouring heights,—the broken and picturesque shores of the Kent, beautifully wooded, and forming a vista to the eye,—the fells of Cartmel rising in the mid-distance, their sides hung with forests, and several ornamental parks lying round their base,—and above and far beyond them, the noble chain of the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains, whose lofty summits, clothed with light, formed a sublime barrier stretching along the northern horizon ;—such are the principal features of a prospect, which is not the less beautiful because it rises from the level expanse of the sands, and which was to me the more interesting from the novelty of my own situation.

"The Ulverston coach, several gigs, and some persons on horseback, had followed us at a little distance, keeping the track left by the wheels of the vehicle which conveyed the Guide. When Wilkin-

son left us, we rode on two or three miles before we came to the channel of the Kent, and there we found a Guide on horseback, who had just forded the river from the opposite side. The Guide stationed here has long gone by the name of *the Carter*, and it is difficult to say whether the office has been so called from the family in which it has been vested, or the family have assumed their official title as a cognomen ; but it is certain that for many ages the duties of guide over the Lancaster Sands have been performed by a family named Carter, descending from father to son. The present possessor of the office is named James Carter, who has lately succeeded his father. He told me that some persons said the office of guide had been in his family five hundred years, but he did not know how any body could tell that, and all he could say was, that they had held it 'for many grandfathers back, longer than any one knew.' The salary was only £10 a year till his father's time, when it was raised to £20 ; yet I should suppose that the office is a rather productive one, as the family have accumulated some property.

"The Carter seems a cheerful and pleasant fellow. He wore a rough great-coat and a pair of jack-boots, and was mounted on a good horse, which appeared to have been up to the ribs in the water. When we came to him, he recommended us to

wait till the arrival of the coach, which was nearly a mile distant, as the tide would then be gone further out. I asked if there had been any accidents in this place lately, to which he replied that some boys were drowned two years ago, having attempted to pass when the tide was up, in defiance of warnings; but that, with that exception, there had not been any accidents for a considerable time. When the coach came up, we took the water in procession, and crossed two channels, in one of which the water was up to the horses' bellies. The coach passed over without the least difficulty, being driven by fine tall horses. Arrived at the other side, the man of high genealogy received our gratuities, and we rode on, keeping close to a line of rods which have been planted in the sand to indicate the track, and which have remained there for many months. We shortly afterwards met the coach from Ulverston and several other vehicles, and, as we proceeded, the views of the estuary and the distant mountains became still more beautiful and interesting. Three or four miles brought us to Kent's Bank on the Cartmel shore. I infer that the river is not fordable for any long period, as the guide told the servant whom I have mentioned that he must return in an hour if he wished to pass over again that evening."

There is an interesting chapter, entitled 'Over Sands,' in W. T. Palmer's 'Lake Country Rambles;' and Miss Taylor in Volume iv. of the 'North Lonsdale Magazine,' writing of her experiences crossing the sands in 1840, before the railway had been contemplated, gives us the following account: "The coach started from a little inn in Lancaster. There was a drive of three miles or thereabouts before the sands were reached at Hest Bank. The large coach swayed from side to side wending its way across the long stretch of sands. Sometimes it plunged into the channel, a proceeding which appeared to drive us out to the distant line of sea, and after much whipping and splashing we were safe out of the water and landed on the sand again. At a certain point the guide arrived to pioneer the coach across the dangerous cuts and quicksands. He was a slight strange looking figure with masses of long unkempt hair as rough as the sheepskin thrown across the old white horse he rode immediately in front of the coach horses and tested all the uncertain places first, warning back the driver if he found any of the quicksands had shifted or become unsafe since he marked out the course in the early morning with little branches or bushes which he called 'brobs' (broggs).

"After seeing us over the dangerous parts this queer uncouth figure suddenly appeared at the

coach window, thrust in an old cap, also made of sheep-skin, and asked a recognition of his services. Then he rode off to meet and conduct other travellers. . . . When the sands had been impassable for many weeks together owing to severe frosts the guide might be seen leading a long line of travellers, some on horseback and some on foot, and as many as thirty or forty carriers' carts looking like a caravan crossing the desert."

As I have said before, I do not know whether the poet Wordsworth ever crossed the sands from Hest Bank to Grange, but I was indebted to a grandson of the poet for the idea of taking this walk. He crossed the sands in the early autumn of 1915, and was so enthusiastic about the experience that I determined to follow a good example, and on September 20th found myself with two Grasmere ladies and a Birmingham professor at Hest Bank in the early afternoon, waiting for the time when the guide had told us that we were to get on to the sands and make straight for Grange, viz., at 2.30, with a promise that he would meet us to guide us across the fords. Sunday had been dull and lowering, and we knew that if rain fell in the night the fords would be impassable, but towards evening the sky had cleared, and that great planet Jupiter, thirteen times as big as the earth, so astronomers tell us, shone in an unclouded sky,

with four of his satellites visible through a field glass. Monday morning woke to sunshine, which lasted all day, and it was impossible, but for one drawback, to have had a more perfect day for the adventure. The wind had been blowing for at least a week from east to south, and had resulted in a haze so thick that it was impossible for us to sight the goal of our journey, Grange. Luckily at about two o'clock the haze thinned away, and we were able from Hest Bank to see the outline of Humphrey Head, that headland famed in story as being the place were the last wild boar of the district was killed.

Though we could not see Grange, we knew approximately its whereabouts to the east of Humphrey Head, and started off in full belief that, after walking three or four miles, we should be able to make out Grange. Nobody at Hest Bank seemed to have heard of such a thing as crossing the sands. The porter assured us that "it was not allowable to go that way. There were no bridges over the river." We thanked him, but assured him that there was no law against walking across the sands, and that the Duchy of Lancaster had very kindly provided a competent guide to take us across the fords.

"The first time I ever heard tell o' that," he said, and went back to his work a wiser man.

It was very enjoyable to find oneself passing out into a great unknown land unimpeded by boots or socks. The memories of my old Lincolnshire days when as children at the Skegness seaside, that seaside so dear to the heart of Tennyson, we abandoned boots and socks the first hour we arrived, and never put them on again except to walk to church on Sunday, came back to me, and if it had not been that very few sea shells lay upon those sunny sands, I might have thought myself by the side of the Wash rather than by the side of the Morecambe waterflood.

The sea was quite invisible. It was impossible to imagine that within six hours the great wrinkled plain of shimmering sand would be covered to a depth of seventeen feet by an inflowing tide. As we left the shore the only things we had noted were the four large stones on the beach and the remains of the wooden causeway, which was said to be relics of the landing place in the old coaching days. After walking for the best part of three miles we came upon the first channel of the river Keer, said to be derived from the old Celtic word *caer* or camp, which we get in the word Cartmel or Caermoels, the town of the camp. About thirty yards across the waters were racing to the sea not more than a foot deep; a little further we passed the second stream of this same river, and made our

way, as we thought, for Grange, still invisible. The ribs of the hard sand were becoming a little painful, and the Professor determined upon sand shoes. I was not a fortunate possessor of them, and so walked barefoot the full twelve miles, not without some pain for the last three miles, and two blisters that troubled me on the following day.

The sun shone, and the sands in every variety from brown to amber were as silent as they were beautiful. Not a sea-bird called, and it was not until near the end of the journey that the white wings of gulls were seen and plaintive pipe of 'stints' and 'knotts' was heard. It was by no means level walking, for sometimes we seemed to ascend a considerable slope, passed along on the level, and dropped again into a slight hollow and rose again, the beauty of the shore, with the rosy-red cliff at Hest Bank, which made the meadows about it shine trebly green, melting into blue distances, out of which rose phantom shapes of far-off hills. Farlton Knott was invisible, but Warton Knott and Arnside Knott and Whitbarrow Scar stood up in lilac grey and silver whiteness, and for the first time in my life I could not help acknowledging that even the great slag heaps round Carnforth, white and glistening in the sun, had a beauty of their own and were a fine foil for the blue and purple of far-off background.

Turning round to the south, the Castle of Lancaster stood up very grandly through the haze, and I know not how it was unless the depression of the sand level was much deeper than at first sight appears, but the whole land round the estuaries seemed to have a certain dignity of height given to it.

A far-off cart and a single form near it away to westward called us thither ; there we found that we had got about half way to our journey's end, and we had a pleasant crack with the sturdy toiler of the sea, who was erecting his long line of net in a great grave of 150 yards about 2 ft. high for the catching of flukes when the high tide should be returning to its rest. He showed us the clever arrangement by which the incoming tide lifted the nets and allowed the flukes or flounders to pass landward, that, when the tide returned, automatically shut itself down to form a perfect fence, in which the flukes were caught.

I asked him about cockling, and he showed me the *modus operandi*. "We take with us," he said, "crambs, that is a three-pronged miniature hoe or curved trident, with which we scratch up the sand where the cockles are."

"But how do you know where the cockles are?" I said.

"Oh, that is easily told," he said, and immedi-

ately he began to dance in a ring until the solid sand beneath his naked feet came into a paste. Out of this paste there slowly emerged cockle after cockle, disturbed by the feet of man, as I suppose worms are disturbed by the feet of blackbird and thrush.

I did not know then how important an industry this cockling was. In 1890, when the cockling trade was at its best, 3162 tons of cockles, at an average of £2 8s. per ton, went to the Lancashire markets from the little village of Flookburgh, and though, in consequence of the demands of Fishery Commissioners that a certain cockling machine should be discontinued, called the 'jumbo,' which was formed of planks of wood made to work up and down, and said to have been suggested to the cocklers by the fact that a baby's cradle when rocked brought large quantities of cockles to the surface, the cockling trade fell upon evil times, there seems to have been in these later years an improvement in the trade. The massacre of the innocents, the baby cockles, has been largely stopped, and in 1908 the tonnage of cockles, which had fallen in 1895 to 882 tons, rose to a tonnage of 1290.

We finished our talk with the grey-eyed weather-beaten man, and asked him whether we were on the right track for crossing the river Kent. His

answer was: "A deal too much to westwards, for yonder's your guide," and throwing his hat up into the air, he said, "T' guide 's seen it and is making for you."

We at once turned due east to meet him, and after walking about a mile came up to him. He was a young man in the prime of life, the son of George Sedgwick, "the 'fresh guide' who bides at home and sends his son as proxy." The most taciturn creature I had met for a long time; he could or would tell us nothing of the guide's way of life. All that we could extract from him was that he had set off from home at 2.30, the same time as we had set off from Hest Bank, and had hoped to meet us half way, but that we had got out of the way, and must retrace our steps. I think we might almost have got as much information out of the rough pony he rode as from this silent Sedgwick.

"Do many people cross the sands now?"

"Odd uns," was all his reply.

"Do you have to go out in winter as well as summer?"

"Ay, if they send for us."

"Do many send for you?"

"Not a deal."

"Many carriages come across?"

"Nay, but a few carts does."

"Many cattle go across?"

"Odd uns."

"Are there many quicksands about?"

"Nay, not nowadays."

"Ever hear of anybody being lost on the sands?"

"Not i' my time. Me fadder could tell of a few." And there the conversation ended.

The sun now was sinking lower in the western sky, and reflected its light from the sand into the lilac veil of haze which hung above it. The shadow cast by the sand ripples filled the holes in between the ripples with purple and cobalt. It looked as if some vast work of inlay had been taking place over the miles of shore. Bird voices were now heard and little mounds of pink jewellery, as though a child had thrown a handful of beads down upon the sand, showed us where the gulls that had been feeding not wisely but too well had disgorged the remains of the broken shells of their repast. The sea was neither seen nor heard, but if we did not hear its murmurs, at least the 'scents of the infinite sea' were perceptible, and one's lips were salt with the sea air that had been breathed upon our faces.

Now Grange was visible, and the little Holme Island rose up out of the sands to the right of it. Castle Head, the woody home of the old inventor

of iron ships, John Wilkinson, stood up out of the marsh around it, and Whitbarrow shone as silver whitely as it shone when Fox the Quaker, looking from the Yorkshire heights towards Westmoreland, mistook that shining reef of rock for choirs of angels calling him to Westmoreland to preach the everlasting Gospel.

"We mud cross here," said young Sedgwick, and we followed his horse unwaveringly. The water ran above our knees, but there was no sinking in of the sand, and we effected a safe crossing. More sands and another river. More sands and a third river, all of them arms of the river Kent; and it was not until we had passed over another mile and a half of the wave-ribbed floor that we come to what is called the 'channel,' which looked a little more formidable; there we were fortunate enough to fall in with a 'fluker' returning to land from his day's work. Very courteously he bade us mount his cart, and took us across that stream and the following.

"What are flukes selling for?" I said.

"Lile uns is 2d. and big uns 6d. You can choose what you will."

I chose my flounders and gave them to the mounted guide to carry, and we went forward. After about a quarter of an hour's walking we came to the main stream or channel. A few weeks

ago this ran close in shore at Grange. It runs now a mile and a half from the shore. So beautiful was the scene inland of the wooded shores and shining marshlands, backed by the rocky scars and topped by the blue hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland, that one would fain have stayed some time. But the taciturn guide would have none of it. "We mun git across now or we shall not git across at aw." We approached the main channel, and found the water ran like a mill race. The water was about fifty yards across. The shrimpers were busy here. We watched them pushing their big nets in front of them, going ashore from time to time to empty their catch into iron pails. The guide tried one place, but found it too deep, and coming back to our side, he bade us follow further down stream, where the water in a wider channel gave us a better chance of crossing without getting out of our depth. He turned to the ladies and said laconically, "Thoo mun tuck up, for theer's a sup o' watter oot," and so saying took his horse across the river bed.

The ladies did tuck up, and it was just as well they did, for the water rose considerably above the knee. So fiercely ran the stream that one had to lean against it. But we crossed in safety, and we soon were paddling over sand that had been covered by a light coating of mud, which shone

iridescent in all the shades of silver and pearl which one sees in an oyster shell.

To bare feet like mine, that were sore and bruised by the hard sand that I had crossed over for nearly eleven miles, there was something inexpressibly pleasant in passing over this muddy level. One had a sensation of walking on moss, and in another twenty minutes we reached the shore at Kent's Bank by Carter's house, and crossing the railway line, found ourselves in Cart Lane, with the old guide, George Sedgwick, come down to meet us. He was much more talkative than his taciturn son, and could remember various accidents to life in the early days.

The car was waiting for us, and soon round a cosy tea-table in Grange we were talking over one of the most enjoyable walks that it had been my lot to take in the neighbourhood of the Lakes. Then came the delightful ride through the beautiful country between Grange and Whitbarrow Scar, by Gilpin's Bridge to the Lythe valley, and up through Winster to Bowness.

We called at a Whitbeck farm for our stone of damsons, which had been gathered that day for us, damsons that last year were a penny a pound, this year owing to scarcity threepence.

"You must take some of these 'little sweets,'"

said the farmbody. "Never a better apple, though they are small, to be found in the valley."

She was right, tiny green apples as sweet as sugar. "And at Christmas time," she went on, "if you want a good keeping apple for cooking purposes send to me, and I'll send you some of our Scotch Bridgets." Then she fell to talking of the war. "I tell you," she said, "it is Satan let loose, that is what it is. But we must fight on to the end."

We had forgotten all about the war in the peace and silence of that wonderful walk across the sands, for tide in tide out, these Morecambe sands preach one everlasting gospel, the gospel of peace. Leagues of smooth sand and leagues of tranquil water have only one thing to say to the soul, and I know from hearsay that dwellers by the shore have been helped, day in day out, by the peace passing all understanding that broods upon that ancient estuary.

The lights were in the streets as we passed Bowness, and the lamps were lit in heaven as we reached Keswick, but I shall never forget the glory of the sunset—glory of the west mingled with the glory of moonlight in the east, while above Helvellyn, as we reached our home, the planet Jupiter shone o'er us from untroubled skies.

A CRACK WITH MRS. DIXON OF DOVE COTTAGE

Travellers to the Lake Country who have visited Dove Cottage since it became the property of the Trustees will have carried away not only memories of the days when William Wordsworth, Mary his wife, and his sister Dorothy were its inhabitants in the early years of last century, but will also have realized something of the raciness of speech, the humour, and refinement of the dales people among whom he dwelt, by their 'crack' with the caretaker, Mrs. Dixon.

It was past closing time in mid-September, 1913, when I called with my friend, who was leaving Grasmere early next morning, more on the chance of seeing the guardian angel of the little house than the house itself, for it was growing dusk.

"Where is Mrs. Dixon?" I asked at the little shop opposite.

"She's in t' cottage," replied her little grandchild, and sure enough there she was in her white

'brat,' as we call the apron in this country, key in one hand and stick in the other at the top of the stairway that leads to the little garden, that "garden orchard eminently fair" that was so beloved of the poet.

"What, what," said she, "ye hev' coom too laate Ah doot to see owt," for Mrs. Dixon knew I loved the dialect, and spoke no other to me.

"Ay, ay," I said, "but I have come not to see the cottage but you."

"Weel, weel," she said, "fwoakes is gitten' to tell me Ah's part o' t' cottage, and like eneuf, for Ah hev been here fra t' time it was oppened. But what ye mun gang into t' gardin, ye mun see t' poet's oot-o'-doors study," and saying this she opened the door, and we passed up the little slate steps to the tiny arbour, which stands where it stood when William and Dorothy, with the help of their neighbour, John Fisher, contrived the ascent to their garden seat.

On our return we found her sitting down at the top of the stairs, for she was tired out with the long day. "Ah's nut seah young as Ah was yance," she said. "Ah's in my eighty-fifth year, and what we hev' been turble thrang to-daay. We hev' had yan hundred and fifteen fwoak through t' spot, and they bided a deal o' manishing, and they axed a deal o' questions. Ah'm old i' me legs, and

Ah'm laame in me arm, but me tongue can ga still, and it's a girt mercy."

"Yes," I said, "and you have got your hearing, and you have got your eyesight too."

"But what we mud ga doon stairs into t' parlour and sit doon, and then Ah can crack on for ivver."

"You have seen the poet, Mary?" I said.

"Ay what many a time," she replied, "for I coomed into t' vale two years or mair afore he deed."

"Where did you come from?"

"Fra Hutton-in-t'-Forest, mair nor sixty-six year gone noo. Ah was nobbut a lass then, and Ah coomed wi' Mr. Broon to t' Hollins and Lowther Hotel as nursemaid. It was a hotel i' them daays, and than Mr. Broon built t' Prince o' Wales, and Ah went wi' him to the spot. It was him at started t' omnibus running to Waterhead—a girt lang thing we called i' them days t' hearse."

"Your maiden name was Noble was it not, Mary?"

"Yis, and me fadder was woodman to the late Sir Harry Vane's grandfadder. There was eight in t' family, six lads and two lasses."

I could not help thinking that she bore out her maiden name. There was such a look of real refinement about her finely-chiselled face, such a quiet dignity in all her ways, you felt that you were

MRS. DIXON.

in the presence of a real lady, one of nature's noble-women. "And have you lived in Grasmere ever since?" I said.

"Yis, yis," she said, "what Ah wedded here. Me husband's mudder and fadder kept the only baker's shop i' t' toon, just theer away beyond t' Red Lion."

"And your husband was a waller was he not?"

"Yis, yis, and three sons is wallers and aw."

I remembered that her husband's father was a waller of such note that he and his brothers had been called upon to build a bridge over the Esk at Muncaster when all other builders had failed to deal with shifting bank and flood water, and that that bridge, built in 1829, stands to-day a monument to her father-in-law's ability.

"He was a wrestler too," I said.

"Ay that he was, a stiff little man was Garge, a girt wrustler till we wedded, and than Ah said to mesel' we'll hev' nea mair on it, and Ah telt him seah."

As I write I have in memory a photograph of George standing by the side of his wife, a square-set, pleasant-faced man, whom those who remember him describe to me as a fine old man, very courteous in all his ways.

"And were you not the maker of the ginger-bread for the rush-bearing?"

"What, what," she said, "Ah maade it for forty year, and me mudder-in-law maade it afore me."

"And who 'larned' you," I said, "to make it?"

"Why, me mudder-in-law to be sure, but Ah improved on it; a sup mair treacle and laal bit mair sugar and spice. Fwoakes said it was a deal better than it was in t' older time, and Ah got tinman to mak' stamp and put St. Oswald's naame on ivvery bit of ginger-bread Ah baked. Cut it into squares on t' tin, and stamped naame on each bit of it afore we put it into t' oven."

To far-off centuries, thought I, for all I know, those words "St. Oswald" on the rush-bearing ginger-bread will be a memorial to the kindly ginger-bread maker, Mrs. Dixon.

"You said you often saw Wordsworth?" I interjected.

"Yis, Ah seed him in his gig, and Ah seed him up at t' road, and Ah seed him sitting on t' steps theer, 'Wudswuth's steps' they ca' them, and at Rydal Mount and Miss Dorothy and aw, for whenever we went to Rydal Mount she would be in her chair, and would wave her hands and smile, quite pleased we should tak' any notish on her, for i' them daays she was quite feckless."

I remembered hearing only a few days before from an inhabitant of the valley, who had been

giving me an account of how she had gone to Rydal Mount to see Queen Adelaide on July 27th, 1840, that Dorothy would not only nod and smile, but would constantly repeat to her a little poem that she had made, that seemed to come to her mind again and again, a poem entitled 'A Sabbath Morn.' And though this is a parenthesis, I may add that this same lady described the Queen as a pleasant little lady very plainly dressed; and she remembered how on that occasion, as the Queen passed on from Rydal to Grasmere, a village child at Town End, who had been waiting long to see the cortége pass, had expressed his disappointment at the sight by crying out aloud, "Why, mudder, t' Queen's nobbut a woman efter aw."

"And how did Wordsworth strike you?" I said, "when you saw him?"

"A varra distant man with no words in him. He would pat barns on t' head and say nowt. But ye knaw he wasn't thowt anything of i' them daays, and Ah doan't suppose Ah should hev tekken much notice on him, if it hedn't been that Mr. Broon used to saay to me, 'Now, Mary, ye mun think on, when ye sees Mr. Wudswuth, for he'll be thowt a deal on some daay.' That's what Mr. Broon used to saay, and Ah remember when I married Garge and settled doon, Mr. Broon gev' me a bit o' carpet which he hed bowt at Rydal sale, and he

telt me to be very particular aboot it, for it wad be a deal mair valuable in daays to coom than it was to-daay. Ah's sorry Ah didn't tek heed to his words. We just wore it oot as if it were nobbut common carpet stuff, and if Ah hed hed it to-daay, Ah cud hev selt it by t' inch."

"Do you remember his funeral?" I said.

"Yis, to be sure Ah do. I didn't ga to t' church, but Ah coomed to the road end fra Hollins just to see t'hearse pass. Theer were nut so many fwoaks i' them daays in t' daale, and though theer was a deal o' fwoak geddered up at t' church, it wasn't what ye would ca' a girt funeral as funerals ga to-daay."

Here again I might interpolate, and say that my informant of Queen Adelaide's visit through the dale, remembered clearly how at the poet's funeral, Saturday, April 27th, 1850, Sir Richard le Fleming rode in great state at the head of the funeral procession that bore the poet to his rest.

"You never saw de Quincey?"

"Naw, but Ah kenned Simpson at t' Nab, and theer was a brother of Mrs. de Quincey as kept t' forge up Tongue Ghyll waay."

"You never saw Coleridge either?" I said.

"Hard a deal o' talk aboot lile Hartley, but nivver seed him. Ah thowt he was deed and gone afore Ah coomed into t' village."

"Nay, nay," I said, "you came here in 1847, and he died in January, 1849."

"Weel, weel," she said, "he mebbe kept to hissel at home, and happen was badly. Ah nivver clapped eyes on him as Ah can mind, though, as I tell ye, fwoak thowt a deal o' him, more than they did o' Wudswuth, and wud crack togither aboot him when Ah was a young lass."

"And this was Wordsworth's parlour," I said.

"Ay," she said, "it was t' principal living room, and yon was Dorothy's bedroom, and Wudswuth's bedroom was up aboon hers ; and they do saay he was terble oneasy at times ; wud ga walking up and doon all t' neet, makking his poetry and what not. Poor Miss Dorothy would just coom into this room and lig doon in t' window bottom, or on t' settle. Could not sleep, poor body, for Wudswuth's raavin' up and doon in t' room above, poor thing."

As she spoke I remembered how it was not only the walking to and fro of her brother upstairs that sometimes obliged Dorothy to come and sleep in the kitchen, but that on occasion Coleridge would suddenly present himself late in the evening, worn out by a long walk over the fells, and that then, in her pure kindness of heart and her northern hospitality, she would vacate her bedroom without letting him know it was hers, and herself would

come and sleep in this kitchen parlour that so her guest might be assured of rest.

"I have heard," said my friend, "that Dorothy was his constant companion."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dixon, "they say she not only helped him a deal in his poetry, but was worn out before her time with all the work she did in the house, and the long walks she took with him over the fells, completely lost her health she did at last, poor thing, and it was all put down to over work and over walking."

"But did she do house work too?" said my friend.

"To be sure, she did. When they first comed to Girsmer, I have heard it said, they kept no servant, not even a bit of a lass, couldn't afford it, poor things. He wasn't worth mair than £80 a year in these days I suppose. She washed for him, and cooked for him, not but what when company came Mrs. Ashburner would come across and lend a hand I suppose, and did the garden and aw."

I went back in thought to Dorothy's 'Journal,' and remembered the touching records of her work in the garden and house, and could not help feeling what tender sympathy came into voice and look as the fine grey eyes of the old guardian were seen, even in the dim light, to soften and grow sad at the

thought of those early days of honourable poverty, so nobly borne by Wordsworth and his devoted sister.

"You said Dorothy helped him in his poetry?" I interjected, for I remembered how thirty years ago I had heard from an old inhabitant that "Dorothy was best un at his job, they do say, for he just bummed and bummed oot his potry, and she picked things up he let fa' and put 'em together for him, ye kna."

"Ay," said Mrs. Dixon, "if it hedn't bin for Dorothy he wad nivver ha' bin a poet. Why, why, she gev' him heart and couraged him a deal in t' old daayes. Cheered him oop and kep him gaan on at it. Leastways Ah've hard tell; but, as I telt you, she was wore oot afore her time with it, poor thing."

"But, indeed, you must come again and see over t' house to-morrow, for t' spot is much changed since them days, and theer's a deal o' things to interest anyone who cares about Wudswuth's poetry upstairs."

I called the next morning, and listened with interest to the oft-told tale as the kindly old soul took us first of all to the little pantry downstairs, then upstairs to Wordsworth's sitting-room and book-room in one, to Wordsworth's bedroom next door.

"What a quaint old four-poster bed it is," I said. "But I daresay it was comfortable enough."

"He was nivver much of a sleeper, so I've hard tell, but neaboddy's tried t' bed in my time. It's finest tick as ivver was. You cud not git sec a tick nowadays, not whativver. It's wove of linen, and it's sa fine and close that if we lay t' mattress oot in t' sun it blows up like a balloon. I was saying so one day, and gentleman said, 'Hod ye tongue, old woman. There is quite as good tick made nowadays as ever was. I'm a tick-maker mysel'.' And I sed, 'Ah don't care whether yer a tick-maker or no, there is no tick got nowadays like this tick.' So he went oop to it and sed, 'My word, but yer right.' 'Yes,' I sed, 'I know I'm right. It's all linen wove, and it's stuffed wi' down, nea feathers, nor hair, nor nowt. There was nivver sec a bed in this warld to my thinking.'"

"Did you ever sleep on it?" I asked.

"Nay, nay," said she, "but I once made it oop to be slept on, for t' ald Perfessor was in a great taking aboot it. Nowt would sarve but that he mud sleep the night on Wudswuth's bed. So I meade it oop and put t' room riddy for him, towels and water and looking-glass and whatnot, but I think he was narvous and flayt at t' end, and could not faace it. Hooivver he nivver com, and

I hard tell he'd gone away from t' Prince o' Wales without saying a word to anybody the same efternoon."

"Was he afraid of a ghost?" I said.

"Aye, aye, like eneuf," she said with a smile. "But I durst sleep in it. T' poet wud deu noboddy any harm, even if he did come back to Dove Cottage."

Thence we went to the little room that served as nursery, and the tiny cupboard of a place that was their spare room in the days when Charles Lamb and Walter Scott were their guests. Thence we went into the room that de Quincey built for his books, and found it a perfect museum of Wordsworth literature and Wordsworthian relics, the last addition being a very fine bust wrought by the sculptor, Frederic Thrupp, whose marble statue of the poet is in Westminster Abbey. This new addition, the gift of Mr. George Wollaston, was, so I had heard, considered by the sculptor in some respects a better likeness of the poet than the Abbey bust, and certainly it gave a sense of delicacy and refinement to the thoughtful face which I had missed when I last gazed upon the poet's face at Westminster.

We left the cottage and stood at the garden gate, and heard our old guardian reproach the trees for growing so fast and hiding the garden orchard

from the road. There was one young ash tree that much moved the indignation of Mrs. Dixon. "Miss N— came along the other day, and I telt her it should be cut doon, it was nivver theer when Wudswuth was here, and it prevents fwoak seeing the whitewashed end o' t' cottage, and she said, 'Does it trouble you Mrs. Dixon?' And I telt her reet oot, it troubled me a deal, and the saame with them creepers. They are hiding the white-wash, and fwoaks cannot see t' cottage as they pass same as they used to do. But what, things is terble changed even i' my daay. When Ah coomed to Girsmeer theer was nobbut Mrs. Ashburner's cottage where Ah live, and t' cottage where Dr. Johnston lives doon at t' end o' t' road, and t' ald cottage where John Fisher lived, and one aboon it, where Aaron Hodgson lives, and then t' hoose that Mrs. Cookson built higher up t' road there, which we ca' Howfoot to-day. And aw between them cottages and the lake was meedaland, and Wuds-wuth in his daay hed a green grass path doon where t' road is noo, doon to the lake. And i' them daays theer was a peat-hoose here just at the corner of the gardin, and beyond t' peat-hoose there was a waay on to t' fells, but it hes been blocked, and it should nivver hev been blocked, for Ah tell ye it was a waay fwoak hed up to t' fells."

"Come and show me where this fell path went."

"Ay, that Ah will," she said, "gladly eneuf," and we went between Dove Cottage and the smithy up to where a wall had been built, with a little iron gate at its side giving entrance to a bit of pasture land.

"Noo," she said, "if fwoak want to get on t' fell, they mun gang reet oop t' road theer and roond by chapel green, but i' my young days fwoak used to go freely to t' fell oop this path."

I was glad to know of this, because this surely was the path by which in old days Wordsworth and Dorothy often climbed the fell.

"Well, good-day," I said, "you are wonderfully 'lish' for a body of eighty-five."

"Ay," she said, "and I've a deal to keep me lish; and though me limbs is getting stiff, and Ah'm a bit feckless in me arm that was brokken, me tongue, as Ah telt ye afore, is as lish as ivver."

THE END.

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